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THE CRESSET

Things to Come

Where Eternity Begins

The Church at the Peace Table

Mexico Next Door
By Alice R. Bensen

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE, THE ARTS, AND PUBLIC AFFAIRS

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THE CRESSET

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IN THE SEPTEMBER CRESSET

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THE CRESSET

VOLUME 6 SEPTEMBER 1943 NUMBER 10

Notes and Comment

BY THE EDITORS

Things to Come

"SICILY Falls" . . . "One Thousand Tons of Bombs Fall on Milan" . . . "Invasion Hour Near" . . . "Yanks Advance in Pacific" . . . "Churchill Predicts End of War." . . .

These are the headlines as this is written. Never before have they been so favorable to the Allied cause. The overwhelming weight of production and the gathering military might of the United Nations are beginning to tell. As always, the tyrants have had their little day. All over the world men and women are beginning to look for the return of the ways of peace.

There are, however, also ominous overtones and undertones in these headlines. As the hour of reckoning for the defeated approaches, the hour of responsibility for the victorious comes with equal speed. It may not be long before the chairs will be drawn up around the peace table. Above their distant noise we have the memory of Versailles in 1919 and Geneva in 1931. Shall we make the same mistakes again? Will the spirit of revenge, the petty jealousies of a decadent Europe, and the evil in the hearts of selfish men once more control the fate of the world?

"We shall win the war." Just what does that sentence, so often and so loosely used, really mean? Since it does not mean subject nations and conquered territories, it means that our ideals, our principles, and our ideas will dominate the world for years to come. Seldom has any nation in the history of humanity faced a more critical hour and a more profound responsibility.

A Great Historian

WITH the death of Albert Bushnell Hart in June of this year an outstanding figure has passed from the American scene. According to *Who's Who in America,* he was the joint author or editor of more than 100 volumes, which figure is considered by some a rather modest appraisal of his productivity.

Hart's field was American history. His *Source Books* of American history are among the valued source materials on the shelves of school libraries. In 1931 there was completed under his editorship the five-volume work entitled, *American History Told by Contemporaries,* which is as interesting as it is unique. More prominently known, perhaps, is the *American Nation Series* of 28 volumes prepared under the editorship of Dr. Hart. Perhaps no historian has exerted more influence on millions of Americans in elementary, secondary, and higher schools through the past several generations than did Albert Bushnell Hart.

Born on July 1, 1854, he attained the age of nearly 79 years. His retirement from active teaching at Harvard in 1926 did not terminate his activity, but he continued his research and writing despite his advanced age.

Perhaps we can appreciate the historian Hart the better if we consider that a great portion of his historical accounts were contemporary events for him. He was born when Franklin Pierce was President and when Abraham Lincoln was an inconspicuous lawyer in Illinois. When Hart was a young lad, the prairie schooners were still passing along the Oregon Trail, and the building of transcontinental railroads was wishful thinking on the part of American statesmen. The reports from the fronts in the Civil War were no doubt fanning the imagination of young Hart even though they did not reach him by radio.

Albert Bushnell Hart, the historian, will take his well deserved place in the galaxy of America's famous men of letters who, although they have passed from the scene, have left their influence on generations to come.

Let Us Reason Together

GERMANY is cracking. The attacks of the United Nations are increasing in fury, and the land in which guns were valued more highly than butter is reeling under the blows. Where is the Berlin-Rome Axis today? Mussolini's fascism died a dishonorable death in the mountain passes of Greece, in Africa, on Pantelleria, on Lampedusa, and in Sicily; Hit-

ler's Naziism began to lose face in the land of its birth as soon as the Germans, in spite of rigorous censorship, came to realize that their tanks, planes, and submarines no longer represented a profitable investment. It is true that the subjugation of the greater part of Europe paid for the colossal war program of the Third Reich; but the victory of the Red Army at Stalingrad, the bombs of the United States and Great Britain, and the unquenchable spirit of resistance in the conquered nations are factors with which the *Führer* failed to reckon when he crossed the Rubicon. We can hear the death rattle in the throat of the New Order even though we know that Hitler and his generals may be able to strike many a furious blow before they lay down their arms.

Overconfidence on our part would lead to a relaxing of our efforts to put an end to the war as quickly as possible, and gloating would indicate a spirit entirely in keeping with the character of the dictators whose evil power we have set out to destroy. Hitler gloated when he won his victories; Mussolini gloated whenever he could tell the longsuffering people of Italy that his jackal-like tactics had brought him some little measure of success. If we take leaves out of the books of the Corporal of Berchtesgaden and the Clown of the Palazzo Venezia, we shall be doing grave and wellnigh irreparable harm to our own cause. We are determined to fight until the cracks in Germany's morale become yawning chasms; but we should be on our guard lest we permit gloating and vindictiveness to sow the seeds of another and far more terrible world-cataclysm.

Observers tell us that there will be a horrible blood bath in Germany after the *Wehrmacht* has been brought to its knees. They predict that thousands of those who have been trampled upon and enslaved by the New Order will demand, and get, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth and that when we try to curb this understandable lust for vengeance, we shall hear the words, "You have not suffered and bled as we have." Nevertheless, it will be our duty to do all we can to convince the victims of Hitler's greed and ruthlessness that bloodthirsty revenge will lead inexorably to a resurgence in Germany of the spirit of Naziism. Will there not be other means of bringing Germany to her senses? Will it not be possible for us, in company with all farsighted men and women of the United Nations, to find far more effective ways of proving once and for all to those in Germany who made this war that their nation can live happily and prosperously without casting

greedy eyes upon its neighbors? Will it not be in the interest of future peace for us to say to the Germans after their defeat: "Come now, let us reason together. Long ago your own Bismarck told you that 'the Balkans are not worth the bones of one Pomeranian grenadier.' Has not this cruel war taught you that all your conquests were not worth the suffering you brought upon others and upon yourselves? Stop trying to be a *Herrenvolk*. Stamp out every vestige of Hitlerism. Your war was profitable for a time; but you know now that you could not make it pay in the long run. Give help to those whom you have persecuted and despoiled. Use the fine attributes of your people to promote peace and prosperity in the world. Remember that 'righteousness exalteth a nation.' "

The President Calls for Order

THE climax was reached in a feud between the Board of Economic Warfare and the Reconstruction Finance Corporation when Vice President Wallace publicly accused Jesse Jones of stockpiling strategic war materials. Mr. Jones replied heatedly that the charges were malicious and untrue.

After Mr. Byrnes, Director of War Mobilization, had been unsuccessful in resolving the controversy and the spat had furnished sensational headlines in our dailies, President Roosevelt sharply denounced the row, stripped both men of broad powers, and served notice that in the future any member of his official family who quarrels in public will be fired. In a sweeping order the President abolished the Board of Economic Warfare of which Wallace was the head; he took away from Jones' Reconstruction Finance Corporation some of the major agencies dealing with foreign purchasing; and he established a new Office of Economic Warfare, of which he appointed Leo T. Crowley director. Finally Mr. Roosevelt served notice to all administrative officials that any time they disagree and feel that they should submit their quarreling to the press, "I ask that when you release the statement for publication, you send me a letter of resignation."

These were drastic measures taken by Mr. Roosevelt which brought forth criticism from some quarters. Nevertheless it seems that the rank and file of American citizens give their hearty approval of the President's action. Public officials have a perfect right to differ and to criticize one another; but mudslinging is degrading to the person as well as to the office he holds, and it is definitely out of place in times such

as these when disharmony among officials weakens the public morale. We cannot do otherwise but heartily endorse the President's firmness necessary to end the Wallace-Jones controversy.

Let's Be Realistic

ONE of the strangest phenomena of the present war is the about-face which a large number of the American people—including many in high places—have executed in their attitude toward Russia, and more particularly toward Stalin.

It is difficult to realize that it was but a few years ago that the air was charged with vituperation against the Soviet dictator for his treacherous pact with Hitler, for his wanton seizure of half of Poland in agreement with the Nazis, and for his rape of peaceful, democratic, Christian Finland. He was justly denounced as a cynical, ruthless, barbaric tyrant.

But how things have changed! Now Stalin is surrounded with an aura of sanctity in the minds of many of our countrymen. American statesmen beat a path to the Kremlin, that haply they may bask in his favor. The lord of all the Russians is portrayed as a kindly, benign, tolerant old gentleman—a true democrat at heart. The Russian system is suddenly discovered to be surprisingly akin to our American way of life. Hollywood outrages the intelligence of the American people with its *Mission to Moscow*—which at best is cinematic balderdash, and at worst is the most hypocritical distortion of historical fact ever to appear on the American screen.

Forgotten now are the blood purges of the dictator's political opponents. Forgotten is the martyrdom of unnumbered thousands of Christians,—people and clergy alike. Forgotten is the interdict against religious liberty in the American sense—in fact, against any kind of liberty in the American sense. Forgotten are the words of President Roosevelt, spoken on February 11, 1940:

> The Soviet Union, as everybody knows that has the courage to face the fact, is a dictatorship as absolute as any other dictatorship in the world.

We sincerely hope—for the sake of America's own interests and for an earlier termination of the war—that the Russian armies will defeat the Nazis. But to hope for a Russian victory does not mean that we must stultify ourselves by giving *carte blanche* to the Soviet political, social and religious—or, more accurately, anti-religious—philosophy. It does not mean that we must fawn upon Stalin. It does not mean that we must embrace one form of totalitarianism while fighting to exterminate another.

Incidentally, the recent Soviet manifesto to German communists has awakened new fears—or, perhaps, reawakened old ones – in Washington and other allied capitals. Perhaps the realization is beginning to dawn that Comrade Stalin bears a bit of watching, after all.

Bombing of Rome

THE events which have taken place in Italy since the first bombing of Rome in mid-July are of such cosmic significance that the historic raid has lost some of its first dramatic impact. The moral issue involved, however, continues to be relevant. Is the bombing of the Eternal City the morally reprehensible act that some have declared it to be? Is it true that, as Archbishop Mooney of Detroit declared,

> a stray bomb released by mistake over Rome may do moral harm to our cause that far outweighs the military value of the most accurate destruction of military supplies?

All warfare is, in its very essence, destructive and immoral. It is difficult to see, therefore, why an attack on Rome should be placed in a different category, or evoke greater censure, than an attack on any other strategic military center. We deplore the destruction of the religious and cultural landmarks of Rome—but no more so than we deplore the fact that 4,000 British churches lie in ruins, or that bombs from the sky have demolished countless churches and cathedrals—many of them steeped in long and hallowed tradition—in France, Germany, the Low Countries, and other parts of the European continent. Wherein lies the difference?

The difference, obviously, lies not in the essence of the act itself, but in its possible repercussions on the Catholic world. It was for this reason that the American authorities took extraordinary precautions in limiting the raid to purely military objectives, and in justifying their action both to the Italian populace and to the world at large. Be it said to the credit of American Catholics that their reaction to the bombing of their holy city has, in general, been eminently reasonable, and that they place the responsibility where it belongs—on the Italian militarists who transformed Rome into an arsenal.

The Church and the Peace Table

THE downfall of Mussolini and what at this writing looks like the early capitulation of Italy has increased the discussion of the

peace which must be made at the conclusion of hostilities. And there are those who, in their desire that a better peace be made than the last one, feel that the Church must be represented at the peace conference. They sincerely believe that the moral power of the Church alone can bring about a just and enduring peace. They overlook the fact, however, that the Christian Church is only one of the great religions of the world. If the Church is to be represented at the peace table, do not Mohammedanism, Buddhism, Hinduism, and Confucianism, to say nothing of Judaism, also have a claim to representation? These people also overlook the fact that the Christian Church in its visible form is not one. The divisions of the Church alone are so deep-rooted that there can be no thought of finding a representation that would be agreeable to all sections of the Church, granted that they all are equally desirous of such representation. It is a foregone conclusion that a representative of any one part of Christendom would not be acceptable to the rest. But basic to the whole problem is the question: Has the Church a good reason for being represented? Is it the function of the Church to bring about an equitable peace among the warring nations? The true function of the Church is in the spiritual realm. The nations of this earth exercise authority in the physical realm. The ideal has always been to let each function in its own field. When the State reaches over into the sphere of the Church trouble results, and vice versa. History has too many examples, and some of very recent date, to prove these statements. Ought we not learn the lessons of history, and set aside all efforts to have the Church represented at the peace conference? Let the Church rather be ready when hostilities cease to do its God-given work, namely, to heal the wounds that have been caused by this global war.

No Glamor

THERE is no glamor in the plight of many of the soldiers now returning from the war front. Modern war may be fought mostly by machines of all kinds, but the men who man them in the desert, the jungle, and the arctic cold are men of flesh and blood—and flesh and blood can endure only so much. The meager details that trickle through from the news dispatches indicate that the experiences of our soldiers in the Pacific war zone, for example, have produced such serious psychological results that the minds of many are seriously affected. Even after their return home and after treatments

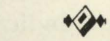
lasting over six months it is doubtful if all of them will again be fit for military duty, even of a limited nature. This is only one phase. The others are the physical wrecks of those who have been wounded in a greater or lesser degree. As these men return to their native soil they must not be neglected by us. We can depend upon it that the government will take care of their necessities, but the rest of us must be ready to look after their social and spiritual needs. There is nothing more tragic than the forgotten, incapacitated veteran. To do our part to make life bearable for them is the least we can do to repay the debt we all owe them.

17,000,000 Children

A FEW days ago we received a letter from a student of education in America. He pointed out that there are more than 17,000,000 children in America who are at present receiving no religious training. Here is something worth pondering! What will America look like when those 17,000,000 little pagans grow up into maturity? Do we still have our roots deep in the abiding faith and trust in the Almighty? Perhaps these 17,000,000 children are today the most important factor in our planning for the postwar world.

We were, therefore, very much interested in the first news of a nation-wide campaign to be conducted by the American Lutheran Publicity Bureau which will endeavor to make America and the Christian Church conscious of the needs of these 17,000,000. The plan is to employ every agency known to modern publicity in order to arouse a greater interest in the religious training of the young.

We must apply this far-reaching and energetic program vigorously while guns roar and bombs drop. We must turn to these 17,000,000 for the assurance that America and the world can look forward to a brighter future. This means religion for them and those who will come after them.



The PILGRIM

"All the trumpets sounded for him on the other side." —PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

BY O. P. KRETZMANN

Where Eternity Begins

IT is near evening. . . . The angle of the sun is small above the horizon and the great heat is gone from the day. . . . My favorite cricket in the maple beside the house is still adding his share to the world's din, but his note seems to be lower as summer wanes and the end of his career draws near. . . . He has survived the fall of Palermo and Messina, the bombing of Rome and Hamburg, and many other great and fearful events, but now the growing coolness of a late August evening probably holds the chill of death for him. . . . He has seen much this summer, although in a world different from mine. . . . While I saw things going on in Europe and Asia and Africa, he was concerned with the dark rains and the long heat. . . . It has been a good summer for him, and there is a note of contentment in his chirp as the sun goes down. . . . What is the end for him but the sure slowing of his chirping apparatus, the coming of the cool dark, and the falling asleep beneath a brown coverlet? . . .

And we? . . . Relatives of the cricket in time, yet infinitely more. . . . We belong to eternity. . . . If only, more frequently and more gladly, we could see our life as the waiting angels do, in all its long perspective, as a brief prelude, and death as an opening chord rather than a coda. . . . Perhaps nothing actually big happens here except as He sees it in its relation to the eternal world, except what reaches into eternity, the death of a man, the baptism of a child, the prayer of a soldier. . . . Yesterday I saw the following passage from Earl Guy's beautiful first novel, *Heaven Is a Sunswept Hill*. . . . A preacher is speaking over the grave of a woman drowned in a Mississippi flood:

> We are gathered here to bury a wife and mother all of us knew. We are here to consecrate her to God. I don't think we need ask Him to pity her or to forgive her. He did all that

long ago. Nor need we pity her death, for she has found a peace she never had on this earth. Rather we should pity her life. We should pity those left behind, we should pity all the poor and downtrodden, all the helpless, the persecuted and the forsaken who weep at the feet of a merciless world. For we, too, are part of the tears. We have wept for all the pain and sorrow of time. We have come down across the brutal ages, across the bitter and terrible years, through all the desolation and death, the struggle, the toil, the agony of our tears and our loneliness, and at last we pause once more on the long road into eternity, into salvation, to honor another one of our dead, another out of the millions, knowing that somewhere beyond other floods, other griefs, other defeats, we shall take our places beside her in that vast and memorable company of men and women who have suffered and died. . . . I don't know how the Lord will greet Clary. But I know that He will take her by the hand. I know that He will look back across the hills and prairies of time which is the memory of Almighty God, and that He will see her as all of us did. He will see her over the washtub. He will see her in labor. He will see her tending her babies, minding her husband, cooking, sewing, and choring. He will see her under hot suns when the worms are on the tobacco or the cotton needs chopping. He will see her struggling to get in the new hay, while storm climbs up from the west and the black clouds and thunders wheel like runaway horses across the hysterical skies. He will see her sunk in all the work and hardship anyone has ever known on earth and He will weep aloud for her and for you and for me. . . . Ah, God, it's not for our deaths that we raise our arms to you. It is not the tragedy of our dying—it is the tragedy of our living, our poverty, our hunger, and our weariness.

It is for the tragedy of our living that we raise our arms to you. . . . Not for the death of the soldier, but for the hate that brought him there. . . . Not for the martyred dreams of youth, but for the fear that destroyed them. . . . Our living plays the music for the march of death across the world, and because we live as we will they die as they do. . . . Here is again the tragedy of our times, deep down beneath our hunger and our weariness—our failure to regard our world as a prelude for another which sounds about us even now. . . . Most men and women, even if they believe in two worlds, seem to feel that they lie end to end or touch only at the hour of birth and the moment of death. . . . This one is merely a dark escape from a world in which angels hide their faces before the eternal brightness and there is no need of the sun by day nor the moon by night. . . . In thought and word and deed they join the host of the fallen who believe that we differ from the cricket only in the length of life and our greater awareness of its brief

pain. . . . Together we become the slaves of the immediate, the selfish, the material, the timely, the momentary. . . . The meaning of life is no longer illumined by an end above and beyond life, and we see no eternity in it. . . .

It is for the tragedy of our blindness that we raise our arms to you. . . . Under the Christian reading of existence, created by the coming of the Eternal Son of God into time, fusing time and eternity in the fire of atonement, saving and transfiguring life by the power of the Spirit of God, the soul is lifted into eternity. . . . My old catechism had much to say about the old man and the new man, much that we no longer see clearly. . . . The new man lived in a new world in which his sins were forgiven daily, his passing through time was touched by the glory of eternity here and now, and his life, though stained by time, was of the essence of the Eternal. . . . It was all so simple and clear with the simplicity and clarity of God. . . . A Person from Eternity had come here to free us from the chains of sin and time and make us heirs of eternity. . . . All we had to do was to believe. . . . Nothing more. . . . Only our hands reaching out and up. . . .

It is for the tragedy of our unbelief that we raise our arms to you. . . . What we do is determined by what we believe. . . . If our faith is the faith of the cricket, bounded by food and shelter and safety, we, too, must wait, this August evening, for the final dark and the end of the only summer we shall ever know. . . . If it is more than that, if it lifts us on the arms of the Cross above night and time, then every pain and joy, desire and effort, success and failure are here and now on the level of eternity. . . . This is where eternity begins. . . .

It is near midnight. . . . The angle of the moon is high above the earth, and the cricket is asleep. . . . The trees are whispering in the night wind. . . . Beyond them, the light of time and the noise of earth, is the continuing grace which fits us to be happy, beyond time and death, so that when we have made our voyage or fought our battle, and evening comes, we shall be ready, children of eternity, unashamed and unafraid. . . .

Nicodemus 1841-1933*

OFF-CENTER reading for this month has been the remarkable volume by Max Lerner, *The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes,* undoubtedly one of the finest books America has produced. . . . Justice Holmes was not only a

**The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes:* His Speeches, Essays, Letters and Judicial Opinions. Selected and Edited with Introduction and Commentary by Max Lerner. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1943. 460 pages. $4.00. A Review.

great judge, but a philosopher of the Law, and as such exerted an enormous influence not only on the legal profession but also on the intellectual life of our time. . . . Liberal and skeptic, his mind and faith was certainly not Christian. . . . Curiously, however, there is in his writing a recurring note of wistful longing and a consciousness of lost and forgotten things. . . . From this point of view Justice Holmes was a phenomenon which appears now and then in a decadent world. . . . While he retained much of the ethical integrity and power of Christianity, he denied its theological foundation. . . . Men like Holmes owe their life and thought to two thousand years of Christianity, but they forget their indebtedness to its historic faith. . . . These modern Nicodemuses are at times not far from the Kingdom. . . . Here, for example, is the closing paragraph of his address delivered to the graduating class of Harvard University on May 30, 1895:

When one listens from above to the roar of a great city, there comes to one's ears—almost indistinguishable, but there—the sound of church bells, chiming the hours, or offering a pause in the rush, a moment for withdrawal and prayer. Commerce has outsoared the steeples that once looked down upon the marts, but still their note makes music of the din. For those of us who are not churchmen the symbol still lives. Life is a roar of bargain and battle, but in the very heart of it there rises a mystic spiritual tone that gives meaning to the whole. It transmutes the dull details into romance. It reminds us that our only but wholly adequate significance is as parts of the unimaginable whole. It suggests that even while we think that we are egotists we are living to ends outside ourselves.

This address, by the way, is entitled "A Fighting Faith: The Civil War." . . . It is a curious glorification of war and its effect upon men. . . . While much of it is obviously unsound, there is more than a grain of truth in the following. . . . Reading it, I was unable to escape the thought that it is applicable to 1943:

War, when you are at it, is horrible and dull. It is only when time has passed that you see that its message was divine. I hope it may be long before we are called again to sit at that master's feet. But some teacher of the kind we all need. In this snug, oversafe corner of the world we need it, that we may realize that our comfortable routine is no eternal necessity of things, but merely a little space of calm in the midst of the tempestuous untamed streaming of the world, and in order that we may be ready for danger. We need it in this time of individualist negations, with its literature of French and American humor, revolting at discipline, loving fleshpots, and denying that anything is worthy of reverence,—in order that we may remember all that buffoons forget. We need it everywhere and at

all times. For high and dangerous action teaches us to believe as right beyond dispute things for which our doubting minds are slow to find words of proof. Out of heroism grows faith in the worth of heroism.

In keeping with his general approach to life and living, Holmes often moved matters of faith into the realm of the mind. . . . This substitution of the intellectual for the spiritual is a distinguishing mark of the skeptic who owes much to Christianity. . . . In an address, "Your Business as Thinkers," he said:

Do not think I am pointing you to flowery paths and beds of roses—to a place where brilliant results attend your work, which shall be at once easy and new. No result is easy which is worth having. Your education begins when what is called your education is over—when you no longer are stringing together the pregnant thoughts, the "jewels five-words-long," which great men have given their lives to cut from the raw material, but have begun yourselves to work upon the raw material for results which you do not see, cannot predict, and which may be long in coming—when you take the fact which life offers you for your appointed task. No man has earned the right to intellectual ambition until he has learned to lay his course by a star which he has never seen—to dig by the divining rod for springs which he may never reach. In saying this, I point to that which will make your study heroic. For I say to you, in all sadness of conviction, that to think great thoughts you must be heroes as well as idealists. Only when you have worked alone—when you have felt around you a black gulf of solitude more isolating than that which surrounds the dying man, and in hope and in despair have trusted to your own unshaken will—then only will you have achieved. Thus only can you gain the secret isolated joy of the thinker, who knows that, a hundred years after he is dead and forgotten, men who never heard of him will be moving to the measure of his thought—the subtile rapture of a postponed power, which the world knows not because it has no external trappings, but which to his prophetic vision is more real than that which commands an army. And if this joy should not be yours, still it is only thus that you can know that you have done what it lay in you to do—can say that you have lived, and be ready for the end.

There is pathos in his last words, spoken over the radio on the occasion of a national celebration of his ninetieth birthday. . . . I heard them on a transcontinental train:

In this symposium my part is only to sit in silence. To express one's feelings as the end draws near is too intimate a task.

But I mention one thought that comes to me as a listener-in. The riders in a race do not stop short when they reach the goal. There is a little finishing canter before coming to a standstill. There is time to hear the kind voice of friends and to say to one's self: "The work is done."

But just as one says that, the answer comes: "The race is over, but the work never is done while the power to work remains."

The canter that brings you to a standstill need not be only coming to rest. It cannot be while you still live. For to live is to function. That is all there is in living.

And so I end with a line from a Latin poet who uttered the message more than fifteen hundred years ago: "Death plucks my ears and says, Live —I am coming."

"To live is to function. That is all there is in living." . . . I have often wondered if "when death plucked his ears" he did not discover that life is more than that. . . . I hope, too, that God was good to him at that moment. . . . As He was good to Nicodemus long ago. . . .

Love Is Deep in the Heart of Things

Love lies deep in the heart of all
At the core of the universe.
God's Love that broods o'er the sparrow's fall
Can remove death's sting and curse.

His Love now weeps over flaming fields
Where hell is exacting its toll.
Amid red shambles His power He wields
To bring first aid to the soul.

Oh, the smoke is heavy, the sky is dark,
And only death can I see—
Those broken bodies grim and stark
By the ghost of a blasted tree!

But Love flies low, with list'ning ear
For names erased from the roll.
Love's eyes can see the repentant tear
And stoop to save the soul.

GEORGE ROSSMAN.

An excursion south of the border—

Mexico Next Door

By ALICE R. BENSEN

LEAVING the lights of San Antonio behind, the train set out into the night for the border, 150 miles to the south. In the next seat Luis and Miguel, careful of their khaki uniforms, were taking turns resting their bronze-skinned, black-shocked heads on each other's shoulders; at Laredo they were to change to the Brownsville train for their home, Santa Maria, a village east along the Rio Grande.

What is the civilization, what are the races of which these boys come? How much do we know of them already, knowing ourselves, and how much is strange and perhaps beyond our conditioned understanding? We travelers that night hoped that these questions would be partly answered by the time that we came back along this route.

A Morning in Taxco

AT six o'clock in the morning the houses of Taxco are chilly with the mountain mist. But already people are climbing up and down the steep cobblestone streets. Two men and a boy, with wool *serapes* over their thin cotton clothes, are urging five burros around the corner. Past them traipse women carrying buckets and empty cans, on their way to one of the public fountains. In the late spring, water is scarce in Taxco, but soon the rainy season will set in. Among the simple cottonprint dresses worn by most of the women shine some frocks of bright rayon satin. In spite of the early morning chill their only wrap is the cotton *rebozo* around their shoulders. Now the little white plaster houses high up the mountain are turning pink and gold, and at last the sun appears above the opposite range, gilding the over-carved peach-colored towers of the great Borda church down in the town square, and finally flooding even the houses far below in the *barranca*. Soon the

women are trudging up the steep rough street again, gossiping gaily, and perhaps not sorry that some of the water is leaking out of their heavy cans; none of them protects her hands from the thin metal handle. In a few minutes some of the same women reappear, to go, in chattering groups, all the way to the market, below the church, to buy the breakfast rolls and slices of melon. This is a social hour, a good way to begin the day. Every courtyard on the mountainside looks out on an incomparable view, and here in the warm sun, among a few precious fruit trees and heavy vines of *bougainvillaea* the Taxqueños eat breakfast, do the laundry, and begin the business of the day.

Through a dark doorway behind the neat little piles of fruit and vegetables in a market in the embassy neighborhood of Mexico City comes a measured, muted clapping of hands. This shop is a *tortilleria;* in the shadow, around a large metal sheet above a charcoal stove, six women are making *tortillas,* the thin corncakes that are the basic food of Mexico. The work of shaping these cakes is not done against the resistance of a solid table but in mid-air! Clap! clap! go the persistent hands, flattening the ball of meal, and turning it expertly at each meeting. Grey cakes with brown toasted spots dot the hot metal sheet. A baby boy runs in from the street, crying; one of the women stops and takes him back into the shadows. As customers come the women laughingly exchange comments, but the measure of the clapping is never broken.

Economic Problems

THE problems of the Mexican Liberals are complicated by the fact that the racial distribution of the Mexican citizenry is, according to the recent figures of Luis Cabrera, 5 per cent white—creole or foreign—70 per cent *mestizo* (of mixed white and Indian ancestry), and 25 per cent Indian. About a quarter of these Indians speak no Spanish, but a more baffling barrier than their diverse dialects is the difference between their stage of civilization and that of the *mestizos.* Furthermore, patriarchal, feudal, capitalist, and socialist communities exist variously throughout the country, as one passes from the mountains to the farms and villages, and on to the cities. Each type of organization is useful in view of the geographical and social conditions of those who constitute it; and, indeed, the government has encouraged some experimentation; but the multiplicity embarrasses national policy.

Many observers believe that Mexico will be a happier country

if she guards her agricultural life and resists the incursions of the machine age. The ancient *ejido,* the cultivable land surrounding each village, which, though communally owned, is farmed by families responsible for their ancestral plot, is regarded by many economists as the basic element in Mexican organization. Others feel that mechanization cannot and should not be resisted.

Some of the material terms of this argument are thrown into visible contrast around the city of Oaxaca, the present end of the navigable part of the Pan-American Highway. One sees pith-helmeted engineers, steam-shovels, a new hotel waiting to open; but in the municipal square and in the market walk barefooted Indians—comfortable enough in that climate—carrying their vegetables and craftwork on their back or on burros and laughing and chatting together. Intermediate between the individual artisans and the factories of the capital is the organization of a famous textile weaver in this town; his men work with considerable initiative, but as a group they fill large orders for city dealers. Out from the town, on the old dirt road, beside which rise the unfinished stretches of gravel, autos filled with excited boys in mechanics' overalls race past lumbering large-wheeled homemade ox-carts; these last have proved their worth through centuries of washouts.

From the Monte Albán, an isolated mountain in the Oaxaca Valley, on the top of which stand ruins of handsome pre-historic temples and tombs, one can look down, as on a map, on a country community and its *ejido.* In the center is the square white brick wall which used to enclose the ranchhouse and stables of the *hacendado.* Since his expulsion in the Revolution of 1910 these buildings have been appropriated by the peons; their huts are built against the inside and near the outside of the wall. Beyond the fruit-trees of this village are laid out the farm-plots of the *ejido;* these are small, for the farm implements are crude, marketing conditions offer little incentive for a larger crop, and, perhaps not least important, the Indians are used to this scale of life. At the rising spurs of the Monte Albán cultivation ends, and signs of deep erosion appear. Critics of the Revolution point out the smallness of the farms and the deep gullies; its proponents point back to the constant interference of the opposition, and declare for a stable government, schools of agriculture, and better implements.

Religious Life

MANY Mexican girls are named "Lupe," for the Virgin of

Guadalupe is the patroness of Mexico. This spring two movies were running in which she was the heroine: *The Dark Virgin,* and *The Virgin Who Forged a Nation,* the latter title referring to the dramatic rôle of her cult in the War of Independence, when her picture served as the banner. Her beautiful shrine in a suburb of Mexico City is always crowded with Indians, for this race recognizes her special favor, symbolized by her Indian features and dark hair. They keep her church banked with flowers. In Mexican churches it is not unusual to see Indian men worshipping with free emotional gestures; worshippers of both sexes will kiss the hem of the velvet dress on a saint's statue; some men will wipe dust from the statues and touch their faces with it as a token against evil. These Indians are often referred to as idolaters, though their belief in magical effects is probably combined with a religious desire to come into contact with holy things.

Since the reform of Juárez and his associates in the middle of the last century all church property except the buildings used for public worship has been at the command of the State; former convents are used as hospitals, schools, and military barracks. Religious schools are permitted, but like public schools they are under the supervision of the government. The too prevalent abuses of three centuries brought about these reforms. Nevertheless, it is obvious that the great majority of Mexicans feel that the church is important in their lives; at all hours of the day men and women may be seen entering churches for a few moments' prayer. Many semi-religious customs are in evidence. It is not unusual for homes to have crosses of stone or of dried flowers above the door. Where construction is going forward the workmen erect and decorate a large cross in honor of their patron saint. Although religious processions may no longer be held in the streets, the old custom of pilgrimages to favorite shrines continues. The government undertakes to keep in repair many of the handsome old churches and convents as monuments of art.

Native Fashions

THERE is a saying in Mexico that "native costumes vanish when the highway comes," and it is true that except at festivals towns on the highway exhibit few details of costume that seem bizarre to the *Norteamericano.* Men at work tend to wear overalls and dungarees; and women at work, simple straight-cut knee-length cotton print dresses. The traveler assumes that the dress of working people is determined chiefly by its use-

fulness; therefore, when he sees an unfamiliar garment he speculates as to its function. In cities the only unusual staple articles are the workmen's jaunty *sombreros,* a necessity of the climate, and the women's *rebozos.* These long cotton shawls of navy or black, lightened only by a tiny pattern in white thread, throw a shadow on the women's dress. They are a sort of badge of submission, for their warmth is slight, their function being to assist the wearer in carrying bundles, babies, or, usually, both, and to fulfill the rule for covering the head in church. Carefully drawn, the *rebozo* helps her keep baby and bundles in place in her arms, and furthermore the weight is made to hang from her shoulders. In the main square of so sophisticated a city as Puebla it is not unusual to see a woman carrying a heavy load of craft objects on her back by means of her shawl. Meeting a customer, she may kneel on the sidewalk and ease the load to the ground; when the sale is made, she gathers the objects into her shawl, kneels again, pulls an end over each shoulder, twists the ends over her chest, and lifts the load again, the customer perhaps helping her balance it. More indigenous costumes are worn by the elderly and by everyone as the town gets more provincial. Then appear the men's wool *serapes*—straight blankets with a hole for the head—which hang to waist or knees, allowing free use of the arms. There are more white "pyjamas"—useful in protecting the leg in field work, for they are tied tightly around the ankle. The men's white or pastel shirts often hang loose at the waist, and a second will be worn as a jacket for the first. The older or less urbanized Indian women wear exceedingly graceful full-length flounced cotton skirts that do not impede them in the quick running step they customarily use.

In spite of the warm sun the Mexican life is one of physical hardship. Most of it is lived on mountainsides. There is much work, poor land, and few tools. Contrary to Northern belief, the typical Mexican is slim, wiry, and very strong. In the working classes fat is unusual. A cat-like grace is common among the young men, great staying-power among the overladen women. The rarefied air of the high altitudes, the insects of the steamy lowlands, rack the people with diseases that give little concern to us.

Educational Progress

IN Mexico there is a surprising number of new school buildings. The educational program of the Cárdenas administration included the creation of 12,000 new primary schools. In the early

morning, at noon, and in the late afternoon the streets are full of neatly dressed and carefully combed boys and girls carrying notebooks or book satchels; obviously their parents take pride in sending them to school. These schools, however, have had to be fought for, and against fanatical opposition. In them there is much emphasis on scientific and technical training, as these attitudes and skills are generally considered a discipline particularly needed by the Mexican character. The new buildings are in the modern style and very attractive. In Puebla, the city long famous for tiles, one school has the wall next to the playground covered with tiles presenting an enormous map of the nation.

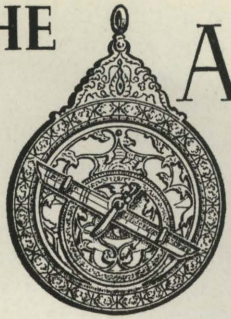
Mexican Architecture

MODERN cubist architecture is very prevalent in Mexico. The climate does not necessitate pitched roofs. Boxlike structures are the indigenous style; European modern styles combine perfectly not only with the traditional adobe huts but with the strong horizontal lines of the prehistoric temples, which are becoming popular in the new surge of national feeling. This interest in ancient American styles is illustrated in the Palace of Fine Arts, or opera house. The exterior, which follows the plans the architect laid out in 1900, is of white marble in an inharmonious neoclassical design that might be found anywhere from Brussels to Vienna. The interior, however, finished much later and according to new plans, is unique: motifs from the Maya, Miztec, Zapotec, and Aztec civilizations are worked out in dark, rich marbles and native woods to create a theatre as handsome as any in the world and one solely Mexican.

* * *

The train for Laredo runs straight all day through the plateau of San Luis Potosí. From the tracks to the mountains stand the yucca, like stupid scarecrows. Somewhere in sight there is always a dry whirlwind of dust. The train winds through the stony mountains of Coahuila. During the night it comes down to the desert plains of Nuevo León. By mid-morning it is continuing into Texas. And one thinks: may goodwill move through these regions as continuously as the train.

THE ASTROLABE



BY

THEODORE GRAEBNER
AND AD. HAENTZSCHEL

CIVILIZATION, OR CULTURE?

Eivind Berggrav's *Land of Suspense* has just been issued by Augsburg Publishing House in English translation. Berggrav is the famous Norwegian church leader who is now held in concentration camp by the Nazis because he refused to sell out the Lutheran church to Quisling. As Lutheran bishop of the farthest north of Norway, Berggrav describes the people and their folkways and at the same time reveals himself as a remarkable, vibrant, Christian personality.

The opening chapter of the book is entitled "Steering Wheel vs. Reindeer Line." Berggrav describes the change which the gasoline motor has made in the culture of the Lapps and Northern Norway.

Sailing seems to be going the way of the lost arts. Presently only the old men and women will be able to even row properly, that is to say, through any distance. The same thing applies to walking. Man has become identified with the motor—whether it be in a launch or in an automobile. Folks don't row, and they don't walk. Formerly they both rowed and walked miles on end. There are now very few localities in which that is still the practice.

Then he tells the story of an old man who was glad to hook onto a motor boat but was not tired though he had rowed more than seven miles. The fishing smacks are now motor driven and the entire face of community life is undergoing a radical change. "It may well be," says the author, "that the Lapps will be through the moment 'civilization' comes to the mountain. That would mean that another, a foreign culture

had forced its entrance, and been permitted to drive out the natural culture."

The bishop is modern enough in his thinking not to take a purely sentimental view of the crowding out of the reindeer by the automobile and of the sailboat by the motor-craft. As for the fisherman, Berggrav says that no one will claim that the seamanship in the fishing fleet today is inferior to that of the motorless period. While the difficulties are different, greater, "the spirit of adventure has made them reach out farther and meet the strain and stress in wider areas. We shall have to accept this also as regards the highways and the difficulties connected with them. Indications are all in that direction. What limitations are there now to the spirit of adventure? Geographical distances as well as barriers against large enterprises seem to have disappeared."

Yet, as we continue to read, we gain the impression that, after all, civilization has not brought any access of strength to the culture of Lapland and the Lofoten Islands; that something has been lost in the character of the people which went out with the reindeer line and the rowboat.

Berggrav's *Land of Suspense* reminds us of problems of a similar nature which have received far too little attention by sociologists, though the ethnologist has long been aware of them. There are cultures also in the United States which are being destroyed by the advance of civilization. Under culture I understand the art of living which has been developed within a group. It includes language, industry, customs, religion. Properly used, the term "culture" has no implications of refinement, of "being cultured." "Civilization" properly is a type or species of culture, that by which a group has lifted itself above the status of barbarians. It implies the culture of the city. Whether it involves the ability of writing and reading is a matter of dispute among ethnologists. Literacy is usually implied in the term.

Well, we have been trying to civilize the Appalachian mountaineers, the Pueblo Indians, the Creoles, and we are robbing them of their culture.

PUEBLO Indians of the Southwest are the clearest case in point. These Indians of the Rio Grande Valley and the Santa Fe country are living in adobe villages four hundred years old. The great pueblos at Taos have stood more than a thousand years. These Indians have an economy of their own, customs which date from the age before the discovery of America, language and traditions that are deeply imbedded in

their soul-life. They have a perfectly balanced social system. They are affected neither by business booms nor by depressions. They have self-respect. For once, in their case, the government has refused to interfere with their social and economic status. But when I visited them last, the New Deal had begun to lay its hand on their culture. Moves were being organized to "civilize" these Indians. They were to be brought under the "security" program of the Federal Government. To one who knows the ABC of social science—and this column does not pretend to stand for more than the ABC—this must look like a crime, a destruction of values that can never be built up again when they are once lost. It is possible to integrate the Christian religion with any social system. The Roman church has labored long among the southeastern tribes without materially changing their character. Where evangelical forms of Christianity have entered they have been able to build up a Christian community life without in any way destroying the culture, the art, the skills and traditions of these people. But bring them under a system which has originated in a conclave of New Dealers planning an economy for all America, and only ruin of character, the destruction of historic values can result.

And this goes also for the experiences of the Spanish element of the Southwest. They too are never prosperous, never poor, but have a balanced economy and are happy in their traditional way of life. When the government gave them droves of goats and sheep, fixed a rate of $2.50 a day for wages, provided all kinds of educational and amusement features which have been tried and found meritorious in Rocksbury, Mass., or in Lansing, Mich., they succeeded in completely disorganizing the existing social relations. They offered them what the promotors called a "civilized" mode of existence and succeeded only in destroying those traits, possessions, and values which make up the culture of a group.

Bishop Berggrav in his diocese was sitting with a trader on the east side of one of the large fjords.

The trader was speaking of conditions among the people. He was an uncommonly capable man, highly respected by his customers, and he knew their character. They may be poor, but they are nevertheless honest and trustworthy. They have no roads. The district extends four or five miles out among the islands and a couple of miles inland. The people come walking with their youngsters on their backs. Their attendance at church on Sunday is certain. While we were speaking of this a man from the west side of the fjord said: "Yes, they were like that on our side of the fjord, too, before the highway

came through; now they have become so dull and sluggish; they can not walk any more because they can now ride in automobiles. They are going to pieces, or the marrow is going out of them—I don't know how it is."

SOLICITING DE LUXE

You open a number-ten-size envelope and out of it drops 1) a small beautifully printed folder, the first paragraph of which reads: "Some little girls of New York City's tenement district are not mindful of their dingy dwellings, unbearable Summer heat, clothes hanging overhead, screaming younger brothers and sisters to care for, dishes to wash . . . . for they have something to dream about." That's because they have been to a certain camp which now appeals to you for a donation. 2) An envelope with a three-cent stamp affixed for your convenience. 3) An application card signed by Catherine Buchanan, age 11, father's name Peter, mother's name Bertha. The girl has been at Camp M— and wants to go back. 4) A letter signed by the President of this particular Fund, sponsoring camps for girls from the New York crowded East Side. This letter is a masterpiece. It is mimeographed but the name of this particular applicant is typed in (with great skill), in certain spaces. A list of some thirty women of New York's Four Hundred permit their names to be quoted as endorsing the appeal on behalf of this Catherine Buchanan.

Catherine Buchanan, whose application to go to Camp accompanies this letter, is just such a "woman" child. She, like hundreds of such girls, embodies nobleness of character, unselfishness—seeking no reward save the smiles of those she serves. It is for girls such as Catherine, who are known to us that I write to you now —asking you to sponsor her holiday at Camp. It costs $18 for two weeks and $9 for one week to send this girl to Camp. Out of your generosity, I ask you to return the application blank with your check, if you possibly can, but in any case, please return the application blank.

To top it off, there is attached to the letter a four-leaf clover, stamped out of green cloth, captivating the curiosity and fixing the attention on the lines: ". . . It was such a girl who found a four-leaf clover and brought it to me with her application to go to Camp, convinced that it would bring her good fortune and the thing she most desires . . . a Camp vacation. Hers was a life filled with pathos." . . .

But now the supreme example of soliciting *de luxe*. It is printed on the stationery of a boys' club sponsored by a number of wealthy New Yorkers who ask your assistance for increasing their benefac-

tion. Also this letter is accompanied by a bona fide (no question about that) application blank to be signed by an underprivileged boy. Two slots are cut into the letter and in these a wishbone from a chicken has been inserted. Understand, the wishbone is genuine. I suppose that the sponsors score a hundred per cent in their endeavor to have addressees actually *read* their appeal. The treasurer, one of the Roosevelts, signing the letter, relates that "In the summer of 1941, one of our boys came to my cousin Archibald Roosevelt with a wishbone that he had retrieved during a real chicken dinner—indeed a rare treat at his house. If it broke just right, he would get his dearest wish, Camp. If it didn't . . . ," but Archie "is now overseas, serving with our armed forces." "If you will please return the blank with your check, I will be able to invite a boy to break the wishbone, and let him complete his blank. You can't lose. . . ."

We submit the above as the last word in soliciting funds from unknown addressees. If anything more subtle, more appealing, more sure-fire has occurred to any of the readers of this column, we shall gladly give the space to record their experience.

NOW, ASTROLOGICAL CANDLES

"Is Your Boy in Danger?" is the line printed under the picture of an American soldier, a sailor, and a marine, at the head of a full page advertisement in the *Philadelphia Daily News.* Then in inch-type "Do You Burn Astrological Candles? To help protect and return safely your boy who is in the service or bring back some loved one who has strayed?" The Swindlemeyer with a Chicago address, who is offering the Astrological Candles, somewhere in the body of the advertisement says, "Sold only as a novelty. We make no supernatural claims." And the claims are put forth in the form of questions: "Do these candles hold the power of Supreme Mastership?" or in the form of conditional sentences: "If you believe that faith, home safety, and prayer can help your man in the services return safely, then," etc. Among the promises held forth are these: "To help make many lucky in any games. To help cure many kinds of sickness without medicine. To help gain the mastery of all things. To help cast a spell on anyone no matter where they are. To help gain the love of the opposite sex." But they are introduced with "It has also been alleged by many—"

Throughout, the advertisement skims along on the dizzy verge of

making promises that would land advertiser and printer in the toils of the law for conspiracy to obtain money under false pretenses. The strange thing about the ad is that it does not even quote a price for these candles but promises to send shipments C.O.D.

It is about the most putrid case of cupidity trying to work on the superstitious fears of parents and friends of men in the service, and on the less intelligent also among the enrollees. If there is no statute forbidding this, authority for its suppression should be somewhere in the regulations of war.

WITCHERY OF SONG

Ever since I read in the *Atlantic Monthly* the chapters from MacKinley Helm's "Angel Mo' and Her Son, Roland Hayes," I was determined to hear the great negro tenor. The occasion presented itself through a recital given at the end of the Spring, 1943, concert season in St. Louis. Roland Hayes is now fifty-six years old, but those who heard him in the '20's, when he had his great triumph in a concert before the King and Queen of England, say that his voice has lost none of its marvelous quality.

I wonder whether there has ever before been such a tenor. Nellie Melba vowed when she heard him in London, years ago, that his voice was superior to that of Jean de Reszke, whom she regarded as the greatest singer that ever lived. But comparisons are futile. No doubt Mr. Hayes' voice is able to compass any of the great bravura passages of the operas. It was the cadenza of "A Furtive Tear," from Donizetti's opera *L'Elisir d' Amore,* that placed him among the immortals when he sang in Royal Albert Hall in 1921. But he needs none of these sensational performances to place him among the top singers of the day. Some of his songs at the St. Louis auditorium were chanted in a whisper. Then again, as in "Adelaide," there were dramatic urgencies which became almost insupportable. Always the attack came without effort, like a breath out of the silence, with no indication of the vocal mechanics. There was a Tennessee song, " 'Roun 'Bout de Mountain," termed a Recessional since the singer walked slowly off the platform while singing the last verse. One of the encores was "Were You There?"—sung by Roland Hayes with a reverence, a deep emotion, which made Calvary a personal experience to every listener.

Music AND MUSIC MAKERS

Conversations with a Sacred Cow

[CONTINUED]

BY WALTER A. HANSEN

DRAMATIC PERSONAE

A Sacred Cow Named Taste
An Apostate

S. C. Do you think it's possible to express humor in music?

A. Why don't you ask me if, in my opinion, a composer can *suggest* humor in what he writes? Then my answer will be an unqualified yes.

S. C. There's a good reason why I don't couch my question in the words you want me to use. I'm convinced from stem to stern that some composers have the ability to *express* humor without benefit of suggestion and association.

A. I won't declare offhand that what you say about this fascinating subject is downright twaddle. I'm open to conviction. Tell me, please, how and why you've arrived at your thought-provoking conclusion.

S. C. Don't you think Richard Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* is packed with fun?

A. It's my firm belief, Mrs. Cow, that *the magic of suggestion and association* has packed that work with humor. I'm fond of *Till,* and parts of it invariably cause me to chuckle; but would I react in the same way to the music if I didn't know the story on which it's based? Maybe I would; maybe I wouldn't. Did you read about *Till Eulenspiegel's Merry Pranks* before you heard the composition for the first time?

S. C. I did.

A. Then you don't know what your reaction would have been without the proper orientation.

S. C. It wouldn't have been one whit different from what it is today. Of that I'm sure.

A. Hold on, Mrs. Cow! Has anyone ever told you that Strauss didn't affix specific explanations to each and every part of the score

of *Till*? How can you or I be sure that our giggling is always properly timed and properly measured when we listen to the composition? Isn't there a chance that now and then we may smile when we should frown or even weep? You're going to accuse me of splitting hairs; but let me assure you that I'm doing no such thing. Once upon a time I heard a friend of mine say that "The Flight of the Bumblebee," which occurs in Rimsky-Korsakoff's *The Legend of Tsar Saltan,* reminded him of a storm. How do you account for that?

S. C. Did your friend know the title of the piece when he heard it?

A. No, Mrs. Cow. I told him afterwards just what Rimsky had tried to suggest in the music. Then he said, "Nothing like that occurred to me while I was listening." Now, however, he has been properly orientated; now he thinks of the flight of a bumblebee whenever he listens to the delightful little excerpt from Rimsky's opera.

S. C. Somehow or other your talk seems to make sense today. Perhaps you'll convince me eventually that I've been on the wrong track.

A. If, on the other hand, I myself am indulging in warped thinking with respect to the question we're considering, I hope you'll be able to show me the error of my ways.

Let's continue our discussion. Are you acquainted with Domenico Scarlatti's "Cat's Fugue"?

S. C. I've never heard the piece; but I've read about it.

A. Do you suppose that without the proper orientation the subject of Scarlatti's fugue would suggest to you a cat walking on the keys of a harpsichord?

S.C. In all probability I'd never think of such a thing in a thousand years.

A. But if you know what Scarlatti had in mind when he wrote the piece, you see the point, don't you? Consequently the *suggested* humor—the *humor by association,* if you please—has its effect. It's more than likely that an entirely different fugue-subject would trickle out of *your* pen if, by some quirk of fortune, *you yourself* made up your mind to write a "Cat's Fugue." Nevertheless, you know exactly what *Scarlatti* tried to *suggest,* and you can't keep from chuckling when you listen to the composition. Wouldn't it be preposterous in the extreme to take for granted that you'd experience the same reaction if you knew nothing whatever about the history of the little piece?

S. C. I believe you're right, Mr. Apostate.

A. Now let's consider music which suggests humor to some

and calls forth radically different thoughts in the minds of others. Naturally, I'm speaking of works concerning which the composers have given us no clues. Think, for example, of the last movement of Beethoven's *Second Symphony*. What do *you* find in it?

S. C. I'm inclined to agree with the well-known commentator who discovered buffoonery in the movement, and I've always told my children that here Beethoven was having fun to burn.

A. Maybe you and the commentator you quote are on the right path. I don't know, and you don't know. As for me, I've invariably had the impression that the Finale of Beethoven's *Second* represented the composer as a man shaking his fist at fate; but at no time have I said that this reaction of mine was based on accurate information as to the great master's intention. For some reason or other the thought wormed its way into my head on one occasion, and I've never been able to drive it out. So you see, Mrs. Cow, that the reactions we listeners have differ more or less when the composers don't come to our assistance.

Now let's return to the first question in our discussion. I delight in the humor suggested by Camille Saint-Saens' *Carnival of the Animals* because I know something about the history of the work. Furthermore, I'm sure that the quotations, which the composer introduces with ear-tickling cleverness, would delight me at any time; but I dare not forget that the quotations themselves provide me with a key to at least some of the composer's intentions.

S. C. What would you say about the serenade which Mephistopheles sings in the fourth act of Charles Gounod's *Faust?*

A. In the first place, the words tell me beyond peradventure that the serenade is filled to overflowing with mockery. Then, of course, I focus my attention on the orchestral background, and on the basis of the text I conclude that Gounod succeeded admirably in doing what he set out to do. But who knows what thoughts might crawl into my cranium if I weren't familiar with the details of the story?

S. C. Sergei Prokofieff's *Peter and the Wolf*—of which, incidentally, I'm not at all fond—would be a similar example, wouldn't it?

A. By all means. The story is part and parcel of the work; but you couldn't get to the bottom of the same composer's *Lieutenant Kije Suite* if you had no inkling of the tale on which it's founded.

S. C. Why in all the world did I ever mention Prokofieff? His music is gall and wormwood to my eardrums. Let's talk about composers, who, to my thinking, have

something important to tell us. Would you be reckless enough to say to me, Mr. Apostate, that one couldn't feel the humor in Erno Dohnányi's *Variations on a Nursery Tune, for Piano and Orchestra, Op. 25* without the aid of clearly defined program notes?

A. Aren't you forgetting, Mrs. Cow, that here the tune itself gives you the key to the character of the work? You need no elaborate explanations to see at once that Dohnányi is resorting to drollery when he imitates a music box, writes a waltz, a march, a passacaglia, a chorale, and a fugato on the basis of the theme and transmogrifies the tune in other subtle ways. You have a similar feeling, I'm sure, when you listen to the second movement of Haydn's *Surprise Symphony,* where, as you know, we find a set of variations on the same melody. It's important to add, however, that, in my opinion, Haydn's doubles—a "double," by the way, is another word for "variation"—don't suggest as much humor as those written by Dohnányi. I realize, of course, that both the traditional story of the "surprise" and the solitary chord which typifies the "surprise" invariably cause smiles to play on the lips of those listeners who are *in the know.* But those who are *not in the know* wonder why their neighbors are chuckling.

S. C. We could talk on and on about humor in music, couldn't we? We could, for example, speak of portions of Richard Strauss's *Sinfonia Domestica* and of sections of the same composer's *Der Bürger als Edelmann.* Then there's the suite which Zoltán Kodály derived from his opera, *Háry János.* Don't you enjoy hearing the long and vigorous orchestral sneeze with which the first movement of Kodály's work begins? And don't you split your sides when you note that the composer depicts Napoleon as a hulking peasant who must engage in hand-to-hand combat with the redoubtable Háry?

A. I see that you know the story behind the *Háry János Suite.* Your familiarity with the background material enables you to feel the humor suggested by the composition, just as orientation makes it possible for you to enjoy to the full such works as Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker Suite,* Deems Taylor's *Through the Looking Glass,* Richard Strauss's *Don Quixote,* and "Golliwogg's Cake Walk," from Claude Debussy's *The Children's Corner.*

By the way, would I be carrying coals to Newcastle if I informed you that in "Golliwogg's Cake Walk" Debussy quotes a tiny fragment of a love theme which is used in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde?*

S. C. I'm glad you told me, Mr.

Apostate, and I'll think of that bit of valuable information the next time I listen to Debussy's little piano piece. It'll add to my enjoyment of the humor which the composer *suggests by reason of the magic of association.*

[TO BE CONTINUED]

RECENT RECORDINGS

VINCENT D'INDY. *Symphony No. 2, in B Flat, Op. 57.* The San Francisco Symphony Orchestra under Pierre Monteux.—You will find more than one suggestion of César Franck, who was D'Indy's teacher, and of Richard Wagner in this brightly scored and realistically recorded work. Victor Album 943. $5.78.

SONG FEST. "Pack up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," "Smiles," "Till We Meet Again," "In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree," "My Wild Irish Rose," "Take Me Out to the Ball Game," "Sweet Adeline," "Put on Your Old Gray Bonnet," "There is a Tavern in the Town," "Stein Song," and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." The Boston "Pops" Orchestra under Fiedler.—There's fun to burn in this recording. Victor disc 11-8453. $1.05.

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART. Overture to *The Marriage of Figaro.* Arranged for two pianos by L. Conus. FELIX MENDELSSOHN. Scherzo from the incidental music to *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Arranged for two pianos by Isidore Philipp. Pierre Luboschutz and Genia Nemenoff, duo-pianists.—One may question the wisdom of arranging these two orchestrally conceived works for two pianos; but one cannot question the beauty of the playing and the recording. Victor disc 11-8455. $1.05.

RUSSIAN FOLK SONGS. "Monotonously Rings the Little Bell" and "The Red Sarafan." The General Platoff Don Cossack Chorus under Nicholas Kostrukoff.—Stirringly beautiful singing. Victor disc 11-8454. $1.05.

The Literary Scene

READ NOT TO CONTRADICT AND CONFUTE—NOR TO BELIEVE AND TAKE FOR GRANTED—BUT TO WEIGH AND CONSIDER

All unsigned reviews are by members of the staff

Nearly Great

SO LITTLE TIME. By John P. Marquand. Little, Brown and Company, Boston. 1943. $2.75.

ALREADY accepted by most critics as the best novel of the year, John P. Marquand's *So Little Time* is undoubtedly just that. To say that it is a great novel would be wrong by most standards; to say that it contains some of the elements which make a novel great must be readily admitted.

Mr. Marquand's great gifts as a novelist lie in the field of characterization rather than action. Jeffrey Wilson, his protagonist, has hundreds of prototypes. His sharp realization of his own limitations, however, sets him apart from most of those whom you and I know.

Jeffrey lives from day to day with an uneasy feeling of strangeness. He is a success in the eyes of his friends; he does most of the things expected of him; yet he is wholly detached from and almost entirely unemotional about the things which should be important to him.

He admits to himself that he should be writing plays, yet he goes on being a "play doctor" to other people's plays. His marriage is only half successful, and he is a stranger to his two younger children. But he makes no particular effort to understand, much less to improve, the whole situation.

The only real thing in Jeffrey's life is his part in World War I. He killed a German soldier, and he sat with a comrade during his last hours. These experiences draw him close to his oldest son, Jim. Always there is the consciousness that Jim has "so little time," that soon he will be reliving the horrors that Jeffrey himself once knew. He is puzzled by the complacency with which his friends accept the fact of war. His preoccupation with it does indeed throw a hideous light upon the earnestness with which his friends follow their own trivial pursuits.

Mr. Marquand, master of satire, has a field day with the rest of his characters. There's Walter Newcombe, newly acclaimed foreign correspondent, much to his own surprise. He's been everywhere, calls Mr. Churchill "Winnie," and an-

The Child

A collection of fine reproductions of some of those things which have made the child in art a great and fascinating study.

"Ah! What would be the world to us
If children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before."

Longfellow, Children.

In the earthly art there is only THE CHILD—the Christ Child. We find the Holy Infant always facing directly toward the viewer. His features carry an adult composure—His little hand is formed in blessing or holds some symbol of His life and work. It is not until the XV Century that there is any real attention given to any children in art. The first one which is really noteworthy is the one which bears the words of Albrecht Duerer, "This I have drawn of myself out of a mirror in 1484 when I was a child."

Court paintings began to have a very great vogue in the end of the XV and in the beginning of the XVI Century and there we find children painted into the family portraits. The XVII Century brought children into the beautiful work of the Flemish and Dutch artists and some of the most worthy child-portraits appear there.

In the XVIII Century England moved into prominence with Gainsborough and Reynolds. For the first time some one seems to have discovered the psychological significance of the child, but there is still the very adult garb and approach. When we move into the XIX Century we find the child coming into its own. At this time we feel the beginnings of a world-type which prevailed before the theories of super-men were foisted on nations and their children. Herewith some notable and varying types of children.

Albrecht Duerer, 1484

Portrait of a girl
Cornelis de Ves (1585-1651)

Master Lambton

Thomas Lawrence (1769-1830)

Girl with a Dog

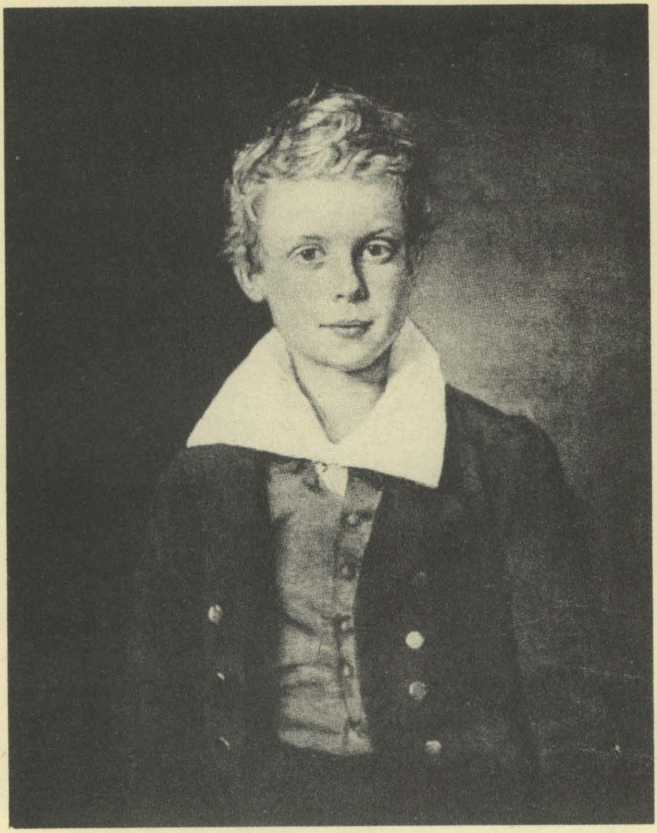
Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805)

The Boy in Red

Elizabeth Louise Vigee-Lebrun (1755-1842)

The Holm Children

Christoffer Vilhelm Eckersberg (1783-1853)



Portrait of a Danish Boy

C. A. Jensen

swers all requests for the real "low down" with "Oh, don't get me started on *that.*"

Then there is a wonderful couple named Fred and Becky who, tired of city life and city people, buy a "dear" little farm in Connecticut, make it as uncomfortable as possible by restoring it to the original, and live there smugly among all the other people from the city who bought farms in Connecticut.

You will recognize a half dozen other people, too, all superbly satirized. In the case of Alf, Jeff's brother, you may feel that Mr. Marquand tries too hard. Alf chatters on in a cheap jargon mixed with quotations of lines from popular songs of years back. The effect is horrible. If there are people like that, we're glad we've never had any around us.

Jeffrey Wilson ends up finally where everyone of his generation must land if he is not to succumb to despair. He enters a church and starts to pray—half-forgotten words alive with the pain of the unforgotten years: "Forgive us our trespasses. . . ." "Those words, remembered, were always sibilant and awkward . . . . but now they were solemn and beautiful."

The World Today

WE CANNOT ESCAPE HISTORY. By John T. Whitaker. The Macmillan Company, New York. 1943. 374 pages. $2.75.

LONG before the outbreak of World War II journalists gathering news for us in Europe and in Asia saw clearly that the dynamic dictatorship represented by Hitler, Mussolini, and the cocks of the walk in Japan was bound to culminate sooner or later in a life-and-death struggle between the forces of aggression and the peoples who stood to lose everything dear to them if the ruthless application of *Machtpolitik* were not checked. Able correspondents frequently learn more than circumstances or policies over which they themselves have no control permit them to report in full; but in spite of all they do what they can to transmit every item of news to their readers. It is an axiomatic fact that the habit of keeping their eyes open and their ears to the ground makes it possible for them to interpret wind-currents far more accurately and far more trenchantly than many a watchful politician or many an observing diplomat.

Journalists kept pointing out to the United States and to Great Britain—sometimes directly and sometimes by indirection—just what Germany's, Italy's, and Japan's "wave of the future" portended; but business-as-usual industrialists joined forces with hidebound isolationists to make light of the warnings. As a result, Hitler won a victory at Munich, and correspondents who had tried as well as they could to sound an alarm began to think of themselves as Cassandras. They continued to file reports dealing with ominous statements, ominous undercurrents, and ominous deeds; but in the countries that were actually in grave and imminent danger there was a widespread and almost fatal disinclination to pay any atten-

tion whatever to what they wrote and said.

John T. Whitaker traveled extensively in foreign lands. He saw what was brewing in the minds of the dictators, and in many quarters he, too, was looked upon as one who had acquired the habit of blowing a police whistle when there was nothing to fear. Now Mr. Whitaker has given us an excellent book on the international situation. His volume is filled with perspicacity and wisdom. There are eyewitness accounts of portentous happenings in various parts of the globe, there are off-the-record interviews with important personages, and there are conclusions which reflect unusual ability to see far beneath the surface.

WE *Cannot Escape History* shows how Hitler gave the Germans "a sense of want, a sense of grievance, a sense of crisis" in addition to totalitarianism and the dreaded *Gestapo*. The terrible Blood Purge of June, 1934, caused the *Führer* to lose for a time "the sympathy and support of the German nation"; but his

future, the future of the German people, and indeed the future of the world rested in the hands of the German generals. And—unhappily for Germany and the world—the generals knew what they were about.

Consequently, Hitler worked hand in glove with the military leaders. When he, the *Führer,* told the generals what to do, he did nothing more than give them orders to carry out what they themselves had already decided to carry out. Mr. Whitaker declares:

The generals have been able to use Hitler as no military clique ever used a chancellor. When they can no longer use him or when he becomes a liability to their program the generals will not hesitate five minutes to be done with him. In the moment when they envisage the military defeat of Germany the generals will hand Hitler over to the United Nations or hand him a revolver. They know that Hitler is capable of killing himself provided the audience is large enough or the moment sufficiently dramatic.

By preparing "a colossal, world-wide program of larceny and loot" the *Führer* and the generals succeeded in *making war pay*. "They believed that tanks, guns, and airplanes are productive."

Within a year of their attack on Poland and within a few weeks of their having rolled into the Lowlands and France, the Germans had collected enough loot to pay the bill for their six-year war program.

Mr. Whitaker hopes that those who are still inclined to swallow hook, line, and sinker every statement made and re-made by Hitler as to the "iniquitous" character of the Treaty of Versailles will give due thought to the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which the Germans imposed on Russia in the course of World War I, and to the almost unbelievably severe terms of the Franco-German Armistice of 1940.

Benito Mussolini, who once marched on Rome in a sleeping-car, deluded himself into believing that he was an extraordinarily clever man. He made an "Axis alliance" with the Third Reich as soon as it was evident to him that his Hitler-infested

neighbor to the north had become the dominant power on the European continent. For years the would-be Caesar, arrayed "in shining blackmail," strutted about haughtily and arrogantly; but at the present time his plight proves the truth of the late Thomas Masaryk's statement that "dictators always look good until the last five minutes." "When he faced the moment to decide for peace or war, Mussolini had become as horrible a megalomaniac as Nero or Caligula." The prince of the blood among blackmailers and silly playboys sowed the wind; now he is reaping the whirlwind. Fascism itself crippled his army, his navy, and his air force; now fascism lies buried in the frozen soil of Epirus. Mussolini has come to know what it means to sweat with fear.

Mr. Whitaker found Franco "shrewd but disconcertingly unimpressive." "A less straightforward man," he says, "I never met." Some still look upon the dictator of Spain as a "great gentleman" and a "great Catholic"; but to the author of *We Cannot Escape History* Franco is an opportunist and an unscrupulous butcher. The defenders of Franco, according to Mr. Whitaker, know little about the man himself, little about Spain, and little about what took place before, during, and after the bloody civil war on the Iberian Peninsula.

Why did France fall? Here are the reasons given by Mr. Whitaker:

> In the first place, the French played the fool by remaining on the defensive and leaving all the initiatives—ideological, political, and military—to the enemy. In the second place, they played ostrich. In the third place, they played politics. Finally, as a result of an irresponsible belief that a people can endure by maintaining the *status quo*, they found themselves too soft; they could not stand the blood.

The author declares that

> men like Lindbergh and Wheeler reconquered France for Germany and strengthened Hitler's control over Spain and his influence in Turkey, just as they persuaded the Japanese that we could be attacked with impunity. . . . . No field marshal has conquered so much territory.

The book contains fascinating chapters on England's position before and after the outbreak of the present war, and Mr. Whitaker points out that the nations now fighting the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis owe much more to the might of the British navy than many commentators are shrewd enough to see. This war has shown that sea power is by no means a dead issue. *We Cannot Escape History* does not gloss over Britain's many weaknesses and mistakes; but it shows clearly how Britain, with all her faults and in spite of the blight of Chamberlainism, confounded the world after the fall of France.

"The Communist bureaucracy, like the Fascist bureaucracy," declares Mr. Whitaker, "was a monstrosity of favoritism and inefficiency"; but for years there has been a rapid growth of nationalism in Russia. The citizens of the U.S.S.R. are bleeding and dying for their homeland; they are fighting "for their dream of a future—a future which has little to do with Communism." It is important to bear in mind that "the German invasion of Russia

was dictated by strategic, not ideological, considerations."

Empire-greedy Japan sold our nation short; but the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, coupled with declarations of war on us by Germany and Italy, revealed to the full the folly of isolationism and caused us to gird our loins in dead earnest for a fight which will utterly destroy the power of the Berlin-Rome-Tokyo Axis and completely thwart the evil designs of the aggressor nations.

The Century Before Aviation

THE FIRST CENTURY OF FLIGHT IN AMERICA: An Introductory Survey. By Jeremiah Milbank, Jr. Princeton University Press, Princeton, New Jersey. 1943. 248 pages and 22 pages of photographs. $2.75.

FIVE thousand Balloons, capable of raising two Men each, could not cost more than Five ships of the Line; and where is the Prince who can afford so to cover his Country with Troops for its Defense, as that Ten Thousand Men descending from the Clouds might not in many places do an infinite deal of mischief before a Force could be brought together to repel them?

Thus did Benjamin Franklin almost anticipate air-borne invasion in a letter written in January, 1784. He had witnessed several ascensions of a hydrogen balloon in Paris, where he had settled the terms of the treaty that recognized the United States as an independent nation.

Aeronautical history in this country goes back to that same year. The *Boston Magazine* printed several articles in explanation of "air balloons," and in Baltimore a thirteen-year-old boy ascended in a captive balloon. But it was fifty years till attendance at balloon ascensions became a popular pastime in seaboard cities. During the 1830's people in Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and Baltimore flocked to exhibitions, which aeronauts managed with one eye toward science and the other toward carnival-publicity. Newspapers had feuds over the merits of the performances.

By the time of the Civil War, balloonists were sufficiently inventive to adapt ascensions to military needs. Rapid inflation at the constantly shifting scene of action was the special problem, solved by T. S. C. Lowe, who devised mobile gas generators. By 1862 Lowe commanded a balloon corps attached to the army of General McClellan. It consisted of seven balloons, a number of capable aeronauts, and large ground crews. On several occasions the observations of men in balloons were directly responsible for the success of military operations.

IT is the story of great inventors and aeronauts and of a public avid for the sight of man in the air (but at times cruelly indifferent toward aeronautical research) that Jeremiah Milbank, Jr., tells in *The First Century of Flight in America.* His book is an entertaining and informative history of aerostation to the end of the nineteenth century. He has brought together widely scattered parts of this country's aeronautical history, which up to this time have

been "lost" in contemporary newspaper accounts, letters, pamphlets, and memoirs. He has included colorful details of aeronauts' experiences and of their weird and wonderful contraptions. This book is intended not only for students of aviation, but also for the general reader; and many persons will want to turn to it either before or after they peruse Fred C. Kelly's admirable new book *The Wright Brothers* (Harcourt, Brace & Co.).

The First Century of Flight in America is an example of careful American book-making. Clean pages, good type faces, proper paper, stout enough binding, and effective arrangement of text and illustration all go toward making a volume that is a credit to the designer, P. J. Conkwright. Robert Josephy, acting for the American Institute of Graphic Arts, selected it as one of the six best-designed books of March.

PALMER CZAMANSKE.

A Master of the Pen

THE WORLD OF YESTERDAY: An Autobiography. By Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press, New York. 1943. 455 pages. Illustrated. $3.00.

ON February 23, 1942, Stefan Zweig and his wife, Elizabeth Charlotte Zweig, committed suicide in Petropolis, Brazil. Zweig, whose remarkable ability as a novelist, a playwright, a biographer, and an historian had made him famous throughout the world, had sailed from the United States for Brazil in August, 1941. There he hoped to find the peace of mind which he needed to enable him to write. But the stress and the strain to which Hitler had subjected him proved to be too great. Zweig had thought that he would be able to "build up a new existence" in Brazil, since the world of his own language and Europe, his spiritual home, had been well-nigh destroyed. "But after one's sixtieth year," he wrote in his farewell message, "unusual powers are needed in order to make another wholly new beginning. Those that I possess have been exhausted by long years of homeless wandering."

The World of Yesterday is fascinating for two reasons. In the first place, every sentence reveals the skill of a master of the pen; in the second place, the book traces in detail and with deep-reaching philosophical insight the development of one of the foremost writers of our time.

Zweig grew up in Austria in what he himself calls "the Golden Age of Security." "Everything in our almost thousand-year-old Austrian monarchy," he says, "seemed based on permanency, and the State itself was the chief guarantor of this stability." He was the son of wealthy Jewish parents who lived comfortably and stroked their "petty cares as if they were faithful, obedient pets of whom one was not in the least afraid." During his schooldays, which he spent in a "gloomy, cheerless building" under teachers whom he describes as "neither good nor bad" but as "poor devils . . . . slavishly bound to the schedule, the officially designated curriculum," his keen interest in books, pictures, plays, actors, writers, and music led

him to the path which he was to have trod with extraordinary success in later life. Rainer Maria Rilke and Hugo von Hofmannsthal "signified an unusual impulse" for his "as yet unfermented energies," and in his autobiography Zweig speaks of the "artistic monomania," the "overvaluation of the aesthetic, carried to the point of absurdity," which "could only exist at the expense of the normal interests of our age."

Enrolling in a university was for Zweig

merely a question of some doctorate or other to assure the family honor; any one would do. And surprisingly enough the choice was equally indifferent to me. Inasmuch as I had long since dedicated my soul to literature, not one of the accredited special university courses interested me, and anyway I had a secret distrust of all academic activity which has remained with me to this day. Carlyle's axiom that the true university of these days is a good collection of books has remained valid as far as I am concerned, and even today I am convinced that one can become an excellent philosopher, historian, philologist, lawyer, or what you will, without having attended a university or even a *Gymnasium*. Countless times I have seen it proved in daily life that a secondhand dealer will know more about books than professors of literature, that art dealers know more about art than historians, that a goodly portion of the important discoveries and inspirations in all fields are made by outsiders.

Zweig traveled extensively in Europe and became acquainted with many of the foremost writers, artists, and musicians of the time. The poetry of Rilke continued to hold him spellbound, and he regarded Romain Rolland, the author of *Jean Christophe,* as one of the towering figures in the domain of culture and learning. His books brought him fame in Europe and in many other parts of the world. He saw the masses flare up in "rapturous madness" at the time of the outbreak of World War I, and he saw the suffering, the disillusionment, and the bitterness to which that terrible and futile conflict led. When World War II rushed down upon mankind, he knew full well why there was no enthusiasm among the rank and file.

Zweig, the Austrian Jew whose books had gained great popularity throughout Germany and, in spite of all, had been burned publicly at the instigation of Göbbels, became an exile from his native land. He lived for a time in England, then came to the United States, and later went to Brazil, where, unfortunately, he died by his own hand.

Here is what the distinguished man of letters himself says about his way of evaluating writing:

Every redundance, all embellishment and anything vaguely rapturous, everything nebulous and unclear, whatever tends to retard a novel, a biography, an intellectual discussion, irritates me. Only a book that steadily, page after page, maintains its level and that seizes and carries one breathlessly to the last line, gives me perfect enjoyment. Nine-tenths of the books that happen into my hands are too greatly expanded by superfluous description, talky dialogue, and unnecessary minor characters, hence fail in magnetism and dynamic power.

No brief review can do justice to the richness of thought contained in *The World of Yesterday.* You will

meet many famous personages, learn much about numerous works of art, and listen to dozens of thought-provoking convictions. At times you will agree whole-heartedly; at times your hackles will rise in sharp dissent. But you will add much to your knowledge of the past sixty years by reading and re-reading Zweig's fascinating autobiography. The book contains a complete bibliography of the renowned writer's works.

English Society in China

RICE IN THE WIND. By Kathleen Wallace. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1943. 294 pages. $2.50.

NEW thinking in China and the stability of decent, freedom-loving people everywhere are the themes that Kathleen Wallace underlines in *Rice in the Wind.* Her representative of the new China is picture-beautiful Chen Lei-ling, modern daughter of an old-style Chinese landowner. Her representative of stability is punctilious Martin Drummond, thirty-five-year-old English consul at Ter-hoi.

Life was divided into two parts for Martin Drummond. One part was his work with European and Chinese business men, diplomats, and military leaders. The other part was his diversion at cocktail scrimmages, tea dances, and picnics by car. To escape from both he took a trip on horseback from Ter-hoi's mountain retreat, Kailing, through the China ranges to the seacoast. There at a remote mountain hospital he met Jane Galienne, nineteen-year-old daughter of a medical missionary, and her friend Chen Lei-ling.

It is Jane who plays the leading part in *Rice in the Wind.* The plot of the novel consists of a series of changes in her character. At the beginning Jane is a lovely, intelligent girl entirely satisfied with her simple life. She managed her father's household with calm authority and acted as nurse to tens of rough peasant patients. She had made up her mind that she cared neither for cities nor for polite society. When she fell in love with Martin, it was natural that her chief worry was the difference in their backgrounds.

Jane knew when she went happily to Ter-hoi as Consul's lady that she gave up her independence and that she would have to accustom herself to the conventions of a foreign colony. She did not know how hard the task would be, and how harsh the criticism of her minor social errors. For instance, she found no delight in playing bridge or in dancing, and said so. She saw no fault in taking Chen Lei-ling, who visited her, and their Chinese servants to a tawdry bazaar for fun. Her ignorance of city life, her intolerance, and her inexperience caused her to commit one gaucherie after another. She was resented as an inexperienced intruder by the women of the colony, and in turn she resented the inane obligations of her social position. The tension thus set up in her mind led to a quarrel with her husband.

The circumstances under which she left Martin in order to get a new perspective of their life, the coming of Japanese bombers to Ter-hoi and Kailing, her work with high-born Lei-ling among the wounded of ruined

villages, and her resolve to go back into harness as Consul's lady are the subjects of the third part of the novel. Under stress of war, stubborn Jane saw that her difficulties and her tedium were but trifles in a lifetime.

Jane's character is further developed in the fourth part of the novel, in which the author places the couple in England, Jane adapting herself to English hospital work and Martin training for the army.

THE imaginative structure just outlined possesses the elements of unity in sufficient degree to give the reader a large amount of aesthetic pleasure. The story presents the problem a brilliant but unschooled young woman meets in marrying into a certain social position and sketches her mental growth in solving that problem. Jane's character grows on the basis of her experience with people.

Unfortunately, Mrs. Wallace has not mastered her structure in one respect. Her themes are significant, but she has not woven them securely into her character study. In consequence, there are times, though brief, when the reader regards the plot as a mere change of fortunes for Jane or a problem which may or may not be solved. Perhaps the themes carry too much import for so light a love story.

This is not to say that the book is not vividly written or that the people are not agreeably handled. *Rice in the Wind* is a better-than-average novel by far, and it ranks high in entertainment value. It is worth reading. This is only to say, pleasantly, that Mrs. Wallace ought to gauge more accurately her message and her creatures before she writes another novel.

PALMER CZAMANSKE.

New Deal Economics

TIME TO INQUIRE: How Can We Restore the Freedom, Opportunity, and Dignity of the Average Man? By Samuel Crowther. 353 pp. 5½x 8¼. John Day Co., New York. $2.75.

THE sub-title implies that not only the freedom and opportunity of the common man are in process of dissolution but that the dignity of the individual is at stake. One need not turn many pages of the book to understand that Mr. Crowther is speaking of political trends which have dominated the United States during the past eight or ten years. Specifically, it is the New Deal's program of "Freedom from Want" which the author blames for the destruction of that freedom which is otherwise called the right of private enterprise. Our American people have been inoculated with the idea "that our government, if only it be run by the right people, can and will support all of us in comfort and even luxury." Especially the lending program of the present war effort is interpreted by many as indicating "our plain duty after the war to borrow and spend until everyone is employed and want is banished." In fact, some of our citizens "see in this war the opportunity to put in practice certain designs for government that they were trying to effect before the war."

Hence—time to inquire! What began as experiments "remain with us in a jostling colliding herd" so that no man today knows precisely the kind of economic system under which our nation is presumed to exist.

Mr. Crowther does not absolve from blame those who previous to 1930 had the control of business and money affairs. In fact, he believes that the largest casualty growing out of the 1929 collapse was in the reputations for acumen and honesty of the erstwhile banking and business leaders of the nation. An entire chapter is devoted to the theme "Wherein American Business has Failed." This section outlines with great clarity and with a good deal of humor the self-deceptions of corporation bookkeeping. As, for instance, when in the balance sheet of a corporation the capital stock is carried as a liability in dollars. Or when the accountants set out a certain item as "surplus" which to the general public means money lying around and for which a corporation has no use, while as a matter of fact, much of the "surplus" has already been spent for new tools and equipment. Indeed, "there is no way to explain a modern accounting statement in simple language because it is a mathematical abstraction almost wholly divorced from reality."

But the major theme of the book is the New Deal's attack upon the "profit system," an attack guided by the consideration that profits are just surplus value squeezed out of the starving workers by the robber barons of industry. "To the average person today a high return of profit is taken as prima facie evidence of deep moral turpitude." In Mr. Crowther's chapter on the Profit System the issue before American business is set forth thus: "The job as turned in by the managers chosen by private ownership is not satisfactory. Is there any evidence that the managers chosen through the processes of public ownership—that is, chosen by the politicians—would do a better job?" It is held as self-evident by the proponents of public ownership that governmental intervention and control are always unselfishly in the interest of the common man and that those who oppose control are selfishly putting themselves first and the common man last. The reasons are listed which usually are quoted to explain why private enterprise failed and what must be done to prevent another failure. We have been told that private enterprise failed because it greedily overproduced and glutted the market and therefore production must be planned and regulated; that it failed because competition was too savage and therefore government must regulate competition, promoting the fair and punishing the unfair; that it failed because big business kept its prices too rigid and too high and therefore the government must stand vigilant watch over prices, and so on The searching question is asked: "Can any governmental bureau or commission command the wisdom to regulate private enterprise either for its own good or for the good of the public?" What follows is a very complete analysis, the most complete this reviewer has ever seen, of the efforts of the New Deal to restore prosperity

by the stimulation of governmental spending. As a matter of fact, the plan works to a certain extent: "We are not without businessmen able sincerely to endorse reforms which throw some of the spending in their direction." "Every handout plan, provided it has an altruistic veneer and a few tufts of economics stuck into it, gets grave and reasoned support from whatever business groups may benefit." But the extremely doubtful statistics on which the spending theory is based is brought to the attention of the reader. As for instance the National Resources Committee report on spending and saving. Says Mr. Crowther:

> There are nearly 30,000,000 families in this country, but the statisticians, with the records of less than one-tenth of one per cent of these families, managed to work out sample spending patterns for families at 15 grades of income and announced that in such fashion the American people spent their money. The report does not pretend to be much more than fancy leaf-raking; but highly placed officers of the government, without the least notion of how the figures were arrived at, have taken them as incontrovertible facts that show the urgent national need for more spending to raise the purchasing power of the submerged one-third by raising their incomes.
>
> And so we had the grotesque National Recovery Administration with its codes of fair competition—which undoubtedly represented the highest point of economic lunacy ever reached in any nation.

THERE is an illuminating parallel between German finance under Hitler and the methods of the New Deal in its direction of spending of money.

The end result is a totalitarian economy which only a few intended and in which the common man is submerged. The end of that program is not reconstruction but the turning of the nation into a military dictatorship supported by a civilian bureaucracy, which together will form a new ruling class with absolute power over the people, and the United States will be back in the Middle Ages.

The book ends on a somewhat hopeful note. It directs us to a peaceful and American way out by taking action on three principles: by withdrawing from the government by the ballot those powers by which it has erected itself into a ruling class; by reverting to a government of laws and not of men; and by making again the states sovereign within their realm, especially in matters of such experiment.

Time to Inquire abounds in brilliant phrases. We copy out a number of these at random:

"The new—and in the way of being occult—science of statistics and money, which combines the best features of phrenology and astronomy."

"The Internationalists are broad-minded, intelligent people who would have the world one big, happy family with the happiness springing from the nations, selflessly and even ecstatically, selling goods to one another."

"The tremendous official efforts to have us accept Stalin as a homey, family sort of man exuding sweetness and light —just a gentle sheep in wolf's clothing."

"We are spending for war upward of $200 billion—an unheard of sum which, converted into dollar bills, would paper an area of more than 800 square miles."

"The vast store of gold which the government, by reverse mining, has put into the ground at Fort Knox."

"The New Deal, having a vocabulary but no policy."

The spending theories of the New Deal: "Mathematical absurdities seasoned with a dash of metaphysics."

Soviet Prize-winner

THE FALL OF PARIS. Translated from the Russian by Gerard Shelley. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. 1943. 529 pages. $3.00.

THE *Fall of Paris,* a novel of France and the French people, won the 100,000-ruble Stalin Prize for fiction for Ilya Ehrenburg, the Russian newspaper correspondent, writer, soldier, and revolutionary. Mr. Ehrenburg's wide grasp and intimate knowledge of the French character is evident in the book, and yet the novel is more Russian in feeling than French. Mr. Ehrenburg's Paris is not the gay, lovable, yet doomed Paris of the prewar days which so many writers have described, but the gloomy, horrible, corrupt city of that nightmare work, *Voyage au Bout de la Nuit.* Then, too, the author's deep conviction that the modern Russian way of life is the best and only one is reflected in *The Fall of Paris,* for his characters divide cleanly into two groups. The good people are all communists, the evil ones are not; and there is no overlapping, no mixture of good and evil in any one character. If a man is a conservative, he is corrupt in his politics, hypocritical in his religion, disloyal to his wife and family, and untrue to his friends.

There can be little doubt that *The Fall of Paris* is an important book, but it is not an easy book to read. In the first place, it pre-supposes a more intimate knowledge of recent French politics than most of us possess. In fact, the principal character of the book is Politics and unless one has a pretty thorough knowledge of exactly what France's many political parties stood for he is apt to become confused. In the second place, the novel is extremely episodic in presentation. Only a flash of a scene is presented, and then the reader is transported to an entirely different scene. He is hurried from a political harangue in the Chamber of Deputies to Paulette's boudoir; from a schoolroom to a meeting of laborers or a strike in an aeroplane plant. At first, it is difficult to keep the characters apart, for, although they belong to entirely different social and political spheres, they keep running into each other, and occasionally they exchange their women.

As the novel progresses, however, both the characters and the politics straighten out in the reader's mind. Tessa, Desser, Lucine, Jeanette, and the others become fixed and definite people and Popular Frontism, Fascism, Communism, Liberalism, and Collaborationism become clear issues.

The main theme of the novel is the heart-breaking one we all know so well by now; the deliberate sacrifice of France and her people by her corrupt leaders. Mr. Ehrenburg presents this theme in all its humiliating detail and with a powerful prose style that will both infuriate and sadden the reader. The vicious life of Tessa, the arch-villain who hopes to be looked upon by future generations as the Savior of France, the wretched death

of his ne'er-do-well son Lucien, in fact almost every phase of the novel will impress the reader with the heartless cruelty of man to man and with the brutal frankness of the author. For Mr. Ehrenburg shows mercy toward most of those whom he portrays. Only in the homes and in the hearts of the Communists does he show any loving-kindness. Only Communists like Pierre, Andre, Agnes, and their friends display loyalty, kindness, understanding, and love. These are the true patriots of France, and yet they are ingloriously defeated both in life and death.

And yet the book ends not in despair but with a ray of hope:

> Again the beauty of his beloved city took hold of him in spite of everything. . . . He thought, "We have seen many other things besides this; we were, we shall be, we are Lutetia, the ship, the city of Paris."

If you prefer to have your abstractions handed to you readymade, you had better avoid this novel. But if you enjoy well-selected and vividly presented details, don't miss *The Fall of Paris.*

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH.

War of Ideas

A TIME TO ACT. By Archibald MacLeish. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1943. 198 pages. $2.50.

SOME one hundred years ago, John Stuart Mill wrote that ideas, beliefs, and doctrines, to be kept alive, must be brought to light and discussed. If this is true, *A Time to Act* is an important book for all Americans who are intent upon keeping the American spirit a dynamic force. *A Time to Act* will furnish the needed materials for thought and discussion because it is a book of ideas and ideas only. It presents to the reading public some of the basic concepts upon which the American way of life, to use a trite phrase, is based—some of the concepts which are in danger of being forgotten or destroyed as we move forward in the war-making, machine-making twentieth century. Lest readers shy away from something that might seem abstruse, it is only fair to say that the essays which make up the collection are not profound. MacLeish merely re-emphasizes some things which we have known for years but which must be said again and again if the peace we win is to be anything but a hollow shell or an extended armistice.

Each chapter is an address delivered by the author to representative American groups during the past two years. The thesis of the book, or at least the dominant thought which recurs in almost every essay, is that the present debacle is a war of ideologies as much as it is a war of machines. Pitted against the fascist belief in servitude and the totalitarian state is the democratic idea of freedom of speech and action. It is the hope of MacLeish to make Americans as fanatical for the right as are the Axis peoples for the wrong. This renaissance of American ideals he intends to promote by making the old democratic truths the public property of our generation, that these truths may be re-vitalized and so become principles of action.

The reader's politics may prejudice him against MacLeish. But only a few will not agree that the points made in this book need be made very often—the affirmation of our future in the Arts, the plea for books and universal reading, the emphasis on the need for an intellectual and thinking America which searches for the Truth, the exhortations for unity and tolerance and freedom of speech and of the press here at home. All of these things, and the many more which the essays contain, should be powerful stimuli to generate some honest-to-goodness thinking. The people of the United States have refused to think during the past few decades. If *A Time to Act* is not widely read it will be a bad omen—a sign that in September, 1943, we still prefer to take things for granted rather than to arrive at our own conclusions by means of vigorous mental processes.

W. Loy.

Man: Today and Tomorrow

FOUR QUARTETS. By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace and Co., New York. 1943. 39 pages. $2.00.

. . . . no wind, but pentecostal fire
In the dark time of the year.

In his season of philosophical maturity Eliot has speculated upon man's relation to his past and future in this series of four poems. Like instrumental quartets, the poems involve the opposition and resolution of several themes in several voices, and they give the demanding listener something to match his thought against.

The first three poems have been published separately, from 1935 to 1941; the last is appearing for the first time in America. Their titles are place-names. Burnt Norton is an estate near which Eliot once lived; East Coker was a home of his ancestors in England; the Dry Salvages (les Trois Sauvages) are rocks off Cape Ann, Massachusetts; while Little Gidding was a seventeenth-century religious retreat.

These places become symbols of time and timelessness. What, Eliot would know, is the relation between the events of the actual time and the past and future? What is the relation between these events and their ideal existence in eternity? The complete answer to these questions can be known only through the mystic's intuition:

. . . . to apprehend
The point of intersection of the timeless
With time, is an occupation for the saint—
No occupation either, but something given
And taken, in a lifetime's death in love,
Ardour and selflessness and self-surrender.

The answer is known only when "the fire and the rose are one."

But although complete understanding is denied us, we may attain to partial knowledge; these poems are made up of speculations and tentative conclusions. The subjects and symbols of *Prufrock, Sweeney,* and the other early satires; of his first powerful poem, *Gerontion,* and the brilliant work *The Waste Land;* of the poems of religious discipline collected in *Ash Wednesday;* of his occasional comic poems—these subjects

are reconsidered and brought into new relationship in *Four Quartets.*

Eliot's verse-forms are characteristically responsive. There are meditative paragraphs in the unusually free blank verse that Eliot declares he learned from the late Elizabethans:

The inner freedom from the practical desire,
The release from action and suffering, release from the inner
And the outer compulsion, yet surrounded
By a grace of sense, a while light still and moving. . . .

There are sets of stanzas forthright but intricate as they state an intricate thought:

The wounded surgeon plies the steel
That questions the distempered part;
Beneath the bleeding hands we feel
The sharp compassion of the healer's art
Resolving the enigma of the fever chart.

There are surprising short couplets:

Dust inbreathed was a house—
The wall, the wainscot and the mouse.

And there are passages of mystical knowledge in the rhythm of the litany:

At the still point, there the dance is.

Eliot deals with his primary paradox in terms drawn from many categories of experience. He had observed in an essay on the Metaphysical poets in 1921: "When a poet's mind is perfectly equipped for its work, it is constantly amalgamating disparate experience; the ordinary man's experience is chaotic, irregular, fragmentary. The latter falls in love, or reads Spinoza, and these two experiences have nothing to do with each other, or with the noise of the typewriter or a smell of cooking; in the mind of the poet these experiences are always forming new wholes." Poems so composed are not easy to read, but their cantilever construction from physical, mental, and religious experiences gives them unusual strength.

ALICE R. BENSEN.

Epic of Early America

WESTERN STAR. By Stephen Vincent Benét. Farrar & Rinehart, Inc., New York. 1943. 181 pages. $2.00.

Of sea and the first plantings and the men,
And how they came in the ships, and to what end.

THAT is the theme of Book One of the long narrative poem about the development of America which the late Stephen Vincent Benét planned—and the only section of the poem which he lived to complete.

Western Star tells in exciting poetry of the Englishmen who settled Massachusetts and Virginia and how those Englishmen became Americans.

And those who came were resolved to be Englishmen,
Gone to world's end, but English every one,
And they ate the white corn-kernels, parched in the sun,
And they knew it not, but they'd not be English again.

Mr. Benét's early settlers are different from those stern, uncompromising Pilgrim Fathers we read about in textbooks. They are men whose courage and faith live on in spite of great hardships and petty annoyances. The early settlers of Virginia have always

seemed a more colorful band, and in Mr. Benét's poem they spring to life as a band of cutthroats and gentlemen, thieves and dreamers, adventurers and builders. In weaving together the parallel tales of the first days in Virginia and in Massachusetts, Mr. Benét has produced a book of breathtaking excitement and beauty.

The stories of Dickon Heron of Virginia and Matthew Lanyard of Massachusetts are contrasting and similar at the same time. To be sure, Dickon's goal in the New World was gold and Matthew's was God, but both pursued their goals with indomitable courage, zeal, and fortitude. Their stories are told in contrasting poetic style; Dickon's in a sort of rollicking verse which sometimes spills over into pure ballad form, and Matthew's in dignified, lovely blank verse.

The reader will enjoy the narrative, but he will find even greater pleasure in Mr. Benét's deft touches of style and incident. He will enjoy contrasting the dirge-like toll of the listing of the dead in early Virginia with the austere and resigned counting of the dead in Massachusetts. He will feel, see, and even smell Old England in the fleeting glimpses of Chepeside, the clusters of excited clerks and apprentices goggling at the broadsides telling news of Virginia, and the crowds on the wharves waving farewell to the *Goodspeed* as she sails down the river for the new world. He will long remember Joan Billington at the foot of the gallows, and little Tom Heron running toward his mother with arrows flying overhead. He will wonder too, at how the Indians came to the settlers of Massachusetts in friendship and stayed to kill—how they came to the settlers of Virginia with hatred and then left corn for the starving.

Benét's poem is the story of one of the greatest adventures of all times, and the poet succeeds in showing the importance of that adventure for the material and spiritual welfare of the world.

Western Star contains "the essence of what America is and what it will be." Every American who enjoys excitement and color, history and song should read this great poem of early American history.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH.

To Far Climes

JOURNEY AMONG WARRIORS. By Eve Curie. Doubleday, Doran and Co., New York. 1943. 501 pages. $3.50.

IN November, 1941, Eve Curie, daughter of the famous French scientists Curie, set out from New York to visit the battlefronts of the anti-Axis nations. She wanted to see for herself what was going on at these fronts and behind them and what were the elements that made for solidarity or for disunity among the various nations fighting the same enemy. Her journey, on which she reports in this book, lasted five months. It took her first, by Clipper, to Nigeria, via Brazil, then across Africa to Egypt; from there she traveled by way of Palestine, Syria, and Iran to Russia; coming back to Iran, she flew to India, Burma, and China; on her return trip she took practically the same route as before, except

that she did not again enter Russia.

Miss Curie's name and the fact that many whom she met had read her biography of her mother won her many unusual courtesies and privileges. With Major Randolph Churchill (Winston Churchill's son) she visited the Libyan front at the height of one of the battles, being the first woman permitted to do so. In Russia she was treated with marked consideration and was given opportunities for observation which were denied the permanent correspondents stationed there. She was in India at the time the Cripps proposals were being weighed—as the guest of the governor of Bengal in Calcutta and of General Wavell in New Delhi. The Indian leaders Nehru and Gandhi received her on the friendliest of terms. Just before the fall of Singapore Miss Curie visited the British front against the Japanese in the jungles east of Rangoon. Chiang Kai-shek and his wife treated her kindly at Chungking.

The book contains a wealth of interesting and valuable material. If it were only a record of what the author saw on her journey, it would be outdated. But she was especially concerned with matters of more perennial importance: the peculiarities, viewpoints, attitudes, resources, and problems of those among whom she moved. This raises her book above the level of being merely a well-written travelogue. Such matters as the spirit of the Russian people, the involved situation in India, and the problems of China receive careful attention. It is also refreshing to read a volume of this kind in which there is none of the filth or rough stuff which so many writers regard as an indispensable spice to their writings. Miss Curie is proof that there is no need of such obnoxious stuffing.

A somewhat disconcerting typographical oddity of the volume is that periods are wildly sprayed through the text in certain parts of the book. We understand, of course, how this happened: the period mechanism on the linotype went on a rampage, and the only people who could do anything about it had taken jobs in a war factory. *C'est la guerre!*

Banal Story

LATE AND SOON. By E. M. Delafield. Harper and Brothers, New York. 1943. 301 pages. $2.50.

If you are vitally interested in the burning question of whether or not a mother should marry her daughter's lover, then *Late and Soon* is your dish. E. M. Delafield has taken over 300 pages to argue out this issue, and she arrives at the conclusion that in this case it's all right for mama to marry the man because daughter is through with him anyhow. Thus no feelings are hurt, no lives are shattered, and naught but harmony and accord lie ahead. Frankly, this reviewer foresees many a dark hour for Colonel Lonergan, the impulsive and attractive Irishman who wooed and won Valentine, for this matron is exasperatingly tactful, and she spends the greater part of her time disentangling the fringe of her shawl from various articles of furniture.

Valentine Arbell and Rory Lonergan met and loved as youths, long before this story opens. The memory of their early passion haunts them both, and when they meet again some twenty years later, the old flame flares up with increased heat. In the interim the Colonel has fallen under the spell of Primrose Arbell without knowing that she is Valentine's daughter. How he could is hard to understand, for Primrose is as unpleasant a wretch as E. M. Delafield or anyone else could dream up. When the three of them find themselves under the same roof, the reader settles back and awaits the fireworks. But there are none. Primrose pouts and curls the corners of her mouth like a camel; Valentine drops tea cups to tide over awkward moments and disentangles her shawl; Rory feels like a cad, endeavors to be noble and acts like a goof.

All the characters are stereotyped, from the fusty old retired general to Jessica, the younger Arbell daughter who is bursting with English heartiness and dashes about with such limitless energy that one wearies of the sound of her heavy boots and the lilt of her throaty laughter.

The novel is apparently intended to portray two generations, ours and our parents'. Fortunately the story slanders both generations.

How this story escaped running in one of the women's journals is mystifying. It is exactly the type of novel they like, and besides, Miss Delafield could probably have made more money that way. This reviewer hopes that it was for money that E. M. Delafield concocted this banal story, for she has proved herself capable of some splendid novels.

PATTERSON MCLEAN FRIEDRICH.

Glories of the Past

THE ARABS: A Short History. By Philip K. Hitti. Princeton University Press, Princeton, N. J. 1943. 224 pages. $2.00.

UNTIL fairly recent times, Western scholars were not alive to the full importance of the contributions made by the Arabs to Western civilization, and to the rank and file among us Arab history and culture are still largely *terra incognita.* Such statements as the following will be novel and surprising to many: "One hundred years after the death of Muhammed his followers were the masters of an empire greater than that of Rome at its zenith"; "in this period of unprecedented expansion, the Moslem Arabs 'assimilated to their creed, speech, and even physical type, more aliens than any stock before or since, not excepting the Hellenic, the Roman, the Anglo-Saxon, or the Russian' "; "between the middle of the eighth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries, the Arabic-speaking peoples were the main bearers of the torch of culture and civilization throughout the world."

The war has brought Americans into close contact with peoples of Arabic tongue in the southern Mediterranean and in other regions. Such a history as this is, therefore, of timely interest. No one more competent than Mr. Hitti, who is an outstanding authority in the field, could have been found to write it.

In vivid, colorful fashion, the book traces for the general reader the part played by the Arabs in the rise and development of Islam, in its march of conquest that carried it to the Bay of Biscay and the frontiers of China, to the Aral Sea and the upper Nile, in its blossoming forth in a rich and varied culture that had no peer in its time, and in the momentous contributions made by that culture to our own civilization. The story ends at the point where the internal weaknesses that had been inherent in the Arab regime all along led to the overthrow of Arab power by the Ottoman Turks.

The book happily combines the qualities of being highly informative and at the same time making most delightful reading. Only when he avers that Moses got his religion from his Midianite wife (p. 19), does Hitti not speak as a good historian, Arab or otherwise, but as a purveyor of nonsense or worse.

Ambitious Undertaking

HISTORY OF BIGOTRY IN THE UNITED STATES. By Gustavus Myers. Random House, New York. 1943. 504 pages. $3.50.

To write a history of the manifestations of bigotry in our country is an ambitious undertaking, for the field is a wide one and many strange growths are to be found in it. Mr. Myers tells us that he has been at work on his material since 1925, and when one surveys the ground that he has covered, one is not surprised at the time he spent in preparation. The study begins with the era of the settlement of the colonies, when Quakers and others were persecuted. A chapter is devoted to the rise of Blue Laws and another to the witchcraft mania. After sketching the sequence of persecutions in Europe and showing the influence of European movements on American attitudes, especially in the earlier days, Myers carries the story forward chronologically.

Some of the highlights in the account are the anti-Masonic crusade in the first half of the last century, the anti-Catholic agitation a little later, the appearance of Nativism, Know-Nothingism, the A. P. A., the Ku Klux Klan, and anti-Jewish movements, with special attention to Father Coughlin and Lindbergh.

The wealth of references in the text and in footnotes shows that the author has industriously applied himself to the reading of relevant source material. In this regard he qualifies as a good historian. On other counts, however, he sadly lacks in scholarship. It is inexcusable, for example, that he nowhere defines "bigotry." The result (or the reason?) is that "bigotry" at times means simply "what Myers doesn't like," e.g., "sectarian controversy" ("squabbling over such moot points as eternal election, original sin, grace in conversion, justification by faith"); "inculcated religious bias"; characterization of Christian Science as "altogether contrary to the tenets of the Christian religion"—even claiming that Christian Scientists do not call doctors for seriously sick children. It appears, in fact, that one must be particularly circumspect if one does not want to commit bigotry against Mrs. Eddy's flock.

The style and diction leave much to be desired. Barbarous sentences and malaprops abound. On one page are these gems: "The combination of bigotry and wholesale plundering of victims in Germany was one of both voracity and accelerated velocity"; "While habitually, as we shall see, Coughlin opportunistically sought to evade responsibility, his incitations were numerously recorded in his mouthpiece *Social Justice*."

As Myers' application of the word "bigotry" is arbitrary and subjective, so is also his treatment of several points on which we were sufficiently informed to be able to judge. This being so, we cannot yield him confidence at points where we are unable to check on him. A calm, judicious, scholarly, objective study of bigotry in America could do much good, but this book, we are sorry to say, does not measure up to any of these specifications.

An Inside View

MOSCOW DATELINE. By Henry C. Cassidy. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1943. 375 pages. $3.00.

BOOKS by people who "were there" (at this or that front, behind this or that front, etc.) are flowing from the presses in a garrulous stream. We have read a goodly number of them professionally. By now our appetite for more has become a bit jaded, and we find ourselves looking forward to the time—which must come soon—when the last one who was there has had his say.

After we have thus unburdened ourselves, it will be all the more impressive when we avow that we have read *Moscow Dateline* with distinct relish. Cassidy not only writes unusually well, but he does not take up one's time with material that is familiar to everyone who keeps up his reading on current events. As chief of the Associated Press Bureau in Moscow since the summer of 1940, he has been in a position to study Russia before it was drawn into the war and ever since. He scored two unusual news beats when Stalin wrote him two letters, one last October and the other in November.

Cassidy begins his story with the spring of 1941, when Russia was on the brink of war without suspecting it. He describes how hostilities broke while many of the highest officers of the army and navy and officials of state were away from their posts on vacation. He then carries his account of the war as he saw it from inside Russia down to the close of the battle of Stalingrad. When we had finished reading we found that most questions about Russian affairs that had been in our mind and had remained after our previous reading had now been answered.

The concluding chapter is an effort to assess the probable character of postwar Soviet Russia. Cassidy believes that it will be "socialistic, but not internationally revolutionary; atheistic, but not violently anti-religious; autocratic, but not antidemocratic." He feels sure that Russia will insist that Karelia, the Baltic States, eastern Poland, and Bessarabia were Soviet territory before the war

began and that, therefore, their status is not a matter for postwar settlement.

Facts and Problems

WHAT AMERICA MEANS TO ME. By Pearl S. Buck. The John Day Company, Inc., 1943. 212 pages. $2.00.

A NUMBER of years ago a novel entitled *The Good Earth,* from the pen of Pearl Sydenstricker Buck, gave rise to much wholesome discussion and exercised a far-reaching influence in many parts of the world. The beautiful and impressive simplicity of the language which the author used in telling her story of China and some of the people and the problems of China, the direct way of presenting what she had to say, and the wealth of first-hand knowledge from which she was able to draw proved once more that literature in the true sense of the word is something that lives and throbs and, by reason of its vitality, touches men and women to the very quick. *The Good Earth* is a classic. Those who write about the development of belles-lettres in the United States will be guilty of an inexcusable blunder in judgment if they fail to accord to Mrs. Buck a place of prominence among the important novelists of recent years.

Many able critics are agreed that *The Good Earth* reached a peak of eloquent and forthright beauty to which subsequent books by the same author did not mount; but they do not, and cannot, question the burning sincerity of Mrs. Buck, nor do they minimize the breadth and the depth of her acquaintance with China and other countries of the Far East.

What America Means to Me is a collection of speeches and essays dealing with facts and problems which the white man must face squarely and honestly if he wants to achieve genuine and profitable co-operation with the colored people of the world. For many years it has been customary to speak somewhat self-complacently about the "white man's burden" and to refer to millions upon millions of the white man's fellow-humans as "little dark brothers." Mrs. Buck declares bluntly that

> it is necessary that every means possible be used to awaken people everywhere in large numbers. This must be done by individuals in their own countries and by groups, unresting, unceasing, in their warnings and in their presentation of accumulating facts. It is the special responsibility of the peoples of India and Burma, of Africa and all the Asiatic and colored peoples to force the peoples of the United States and England to wake, by proving to us that isolationism and imperialism are not only impossible, but unnecessary, because the white men have no burden, no little dark brothers.

Concerning China Mrs. Buck writes:

> She does not want to be dominated by anybody, nor does she want to be looked down upon by anybody because her people are Oriental and have yellow skin and black eyes and hair. She wants her people to have a place in the human race equal to that of any other people, and she makes this a principle. She is our ally because she will not be dominated by anyone, not even by another yellow-skinned, black-haired, black-eyed people. She is for freedom, regardless of race and color.

The author does not raise the jingoistic and hollow-sounding cry about a

Yellow Peril but points, without mincing words, to the indisputable fact that there is

> acute danger in the mental isolationist who insists that it is not our business what happens to the people of China or the people of India, or that what we do about the Negro here is not the business of the peoples abroad.

We have many potential assets in our cause, says Mrs. Buck. India can be an asset, the Filipinos can be an asset, the Koreans can be an asset, and Russia, "a nation partly East and partly West," can be an asset; but we must beware lest a stubborn insistence on maintaining "our outworn standards of the superiority of the white man in the world as it once was" cause us to commit the fatal blunder of "wasting these assets."

> If the white man does not now save himself by discovering that all men are really born free and equal, he may not be able to save himself at all. For the colored man is going to insist on that human equality and that freedom.

The war which we are now waging, declares Mrs. Buck, will be fought in vain if, because of "men of local minds," we fight merely "to save European civilization." We must gird our loins "to save civilization" in the entire world.

Democracy's Choices

THEY ALSO RAN. By Irving Stone. Doubleday, Doran and Co., Garden City, New York. 1943. 389 pages. Indexed. $3.50.

THIS is the story of the men who were defeated for the presidency since the beginning of our history as a nation. It is one of the most refreshing books that has come into our hands for some time and we cannot recommend it too highly to all who are interested in our country's history. A reading of this book is a review in American history with many interesting facts and sidelights not included in the average history. Mr. Stone's treatment of his subject includes not only a very detailed biographical sketch of each "also ran," but he presents the historical setting in which they lived, the qualifications of the candidates, the issues involved, and the triumph or the tragedy of the people's choice. He is very frank in showing that the best man did not always win. His grouping of the men whom he presents is interesting, for he discusses them in pairs as a rule, sometimes in fours, and only one, Samuel J. Tilden, is given a monopoly on a chapter. First, we have the men from the press: Horace Greeley and James M. Cox. Then, the three time losers: Henry Clay and William Jennings Bryan. Third, the judges: Alton B. Parker and Charles Evans Hughes. In the fourth section, there are the generals: Scott, Fremont, McClellan, and Hancock. Then, after an "interlude" and the chapter on Tilden, there are the "main chance politicos": Douglas and Blaine. The second last chapter discusses the four governors: Lewis Cass, Horatio Seymour, Alfred E. Smith, and Alfred Landon. The last has the Wall Street lawyers: John W. Davis and Wendell L. Willkie.

For one who has lived long enough in the American Scene to have witnessed the campaigns of eight of the

nineteen men who also ran, the book has been of particular interest especially because Mr. Stone in his study of these men reveals many features that were not evident even to the careful reader during the time of their campaigns. His "interlude" at the half-way mark and his "epilogue" at the end draw the threads together and give certain well-defined conclusions.

THESE conclusions constitute a warning to us all that is well worth heeding. Says Mr. Stone:

> At the halfway mark democracy . . . . has been dumb in five elections and smart in three. Twenty per cent of the time the voters have passed up first-rate men for other first-rate men; thirty per cent of the time they have avoided dangerous and inferior men: fifty per cent of the time they have rejected good and superior and bought gold bricks.

Why? The answer is that usually men vote according to party lines regardless of the issues involved and of the merits of the candidates.

In his "epilogue" the author casts up the score and finds that the score is tied. Whereas in the first half of our history the electorate was stupid or deceived in five elections and sagacious in three, in the latter half their ability to pick the superior man has risen five to three, a reversal of the odds. Thus "not even by the meagerest margin has democracy been able to prove that it has the discernment to choose the best man available for the most important office in the land."

Throughout this story it has been evident that party lines have proven stronger than independent judgment; countless crimes against the welfare of the country and the best interests of the people have been committed in the name of partisanship. Popular government is thus faced with a dilemma: a two party system is necessary to the functioning of a democracy, yet out of the two-party system has risen a majority of the political ills of the nation. No political sulphadrugs have been evolved which could eradicate these election diseases.

Germany's Failure

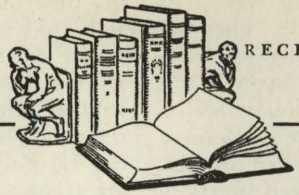
ATTACK CAN WIN IN '43. By Max Werner. Little Brown and Co., Boston. 1943. 316 pages. $1.75.

THIS is an optimistic book, but its optimism is based upon the careful consideration of certain factors which Mr. Werner recognizes as the result of ten years of study of military matters and publications. His prognostications have an uncanny way of coming true. In 1938 he foretold the Soviet-German war and the surprising endurance of the Red Army. He foresaw France's weakness and the collapse of Poland. In 1940 he predicted the ultimate Anglo-American-Soviet collaboration. In 1942 when the German advance into the Caucasus was at its height he foretold that the Germans were heading toward a major catastrophe. His voice is one, therefore, that deserves an audience.

In this volume he states: "Victory in 1943 or a Seven Years' War is the dilemma which faces the United Nations today," and he proceeds to outline the reasons why attack, that is, invasion can defeat Germany this year. He points out that the main reason for his predictions is the fall

of German strategy. This was at its peak in the fall of 1942. Then on November 19, 1942, under the hammer blows of the Red Army's stupendous counteroffensive near Stalingrad, the entire structure of German strategy crumbled. Since then the German war machine has been functioning increasingly badly. The United Nations now need not figure so much on the need of a combined war machine greater than that of Germany, but on a strategy employed coordinately with the Red Army. The Tunisian victory cleared the way for the invasion of Europe and as we know now (since the downfall of Mussolini) that invasion is imminent. By the time these lines appear in print, Italy may be out of the war and the actual offensive against Germany itself may have begun. It is the German strategy that makes German defeat certain. The Third Reich will lose the war not because the German arms are feeble—they are very strong; not because the German Army is feeble—it is still powerful. The Third Reich will lose the war because its strategy has failed.

Mr. Werner also points out that the Allied strategy thus far has not merely centered in the defeat of Germany. It is global in its objectives. It aims at bringing the struggle in the Pacific also to its swiftest possible conclusion.

A BRIEF GLANCE AT  RECENT PUBLICATIONS

A SURVEY OF BOOKS

ARMY TALK

A Familiar Dictionary of Soldier Speech. By Elbridge Colby. 232 pages. 6x9. Princeton University Press. Princeton. Price, $2.00.

In almost two years of war the average newspaper reader has acquired a large number of military terms; some traditional with the American or British soldiers, much of this language distinctly modern, in part acclimated only in the last year or two. *Court-martial, bivouac, maneuver, howitzer, grenadier, sharpshooter*—these are all legitimate English. But Elbridge Colby has dug into the etymology of these and other military terms and has found much that is of interest. His *Army Talk* is more than just a dictionary, however. It offers explanations of hundreds of terms familiar with the soldiery and in doing so writes an interesting history of military terms. It is this feature which gives the book a permanent significance. The language connected with the various branches of service, especially the vocabulary of the artillery, so prominent in the news dispatches, is treated with great fullness, involving sometimes a page of text to explain a single term. It is surprising how much military science and history of warfare are summarized in such terms as *hike, doughboy, colonel, sergeant.* The various bugle calls are given in musical notation with verbal explanations derived from army tradition. A special section gives many new terms that have come in since 1940 but have not yet gained general acceptance. Colonel Colby has gained prominence as a contributor to scholarly works of reference and has written a number of volumes on military subjects. He is a medalist of the Society of Military Engineers.

QUEENS DIE PROUDLY

By W. L. White. Harcourt, Brace and Company, New York. 1943. 273 pages. $2.50.

The author of *They Were Expendable* gives us a gripping account of air fighting against the Japanese. In *Queens Die Proudly* Colonel Frank Kurtz and the crew of his Flying Fortress, "The Swoose," tell the breath-taking story of their adventures with the marauders from Nip-

pon. "The Swoose" was one of the few planes in the Philippines to escape the bombs and the bullets of the Japs shortly after the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor. Manned by a brave and resourceful crew, the plane rendered valuable service to our cause in the Philippines, then went to Java and other islands of the Dutch East Indies to continue the fight, and was afterwards taken to Australia to help stop the mad advance of the "yellow Aryans." Every American should read this thrilling book. "The Swoose" has retired from active service; but the memory of the brave deeds done by its pilot and its courageous crew will live on and on in our hearts.

THE GOLDEN FEATHER

By Theda Kenyon. Julian Messner, Inc., New York. 1943. 390 pages. $2.75.

ONCE again the world is on the march in the cause of freedom. We need only look back into history to realize that this is neither a new cause nor a new battle. All through the ages dictator governments have risen and, for a time, have halted the forward march of liberty. In the seventeenth century the English people were held in harsh subjection by Archbishop William Laud, the iron man who ruled Charles I and, through him, England. In 1638 a general revolt, which did much to shape the destiny of the New World, was well under way against Laud's tyranny. This is the stormy period which Theda Kenyon has chosen as a setting for her new historical novel. *The Golden Feather* has many excellent qualities. It reveals the author's insight into history, and the characters are well drawn. The plot, unfortunately, gets out of hand and eventually crumbles into sheer melodrama.

JEEPS AND JESTS

By Bruce Bairnsfather. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1943. 102 pages. $2.00.

BAIRNSFATHER, the English cartoonist, pictured the life of the British Tommy during World War I. Since shortly after the arrival of the A.E.F. in Ireland, he has been attached to the American forces as a sort of "official roving cartoonist." Here, in fifty-one full-page drawings in wash and many smaller cartoons, he portrays our soldiers at work and play on Irish and African soil. An ever-recurring motif for Ireland is mud and rain. The cartooning is excellent, though the faces often look more British than American. General Hartle, commander of the A.E.F. in Ireland, wrote an appreciative Foreword.

HUNGRY HILL

By Daphne du Maurier. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. 1943. 402 pages. $2.75.

HERE Daphne du Maurier tries her hand at a serious family saga. Five generations of stiffnecked Irish Brodricks pass in review on a canvas which deals with the events of a crowded century. In 1820 the powerful mine owner, Copper John Brodrick, proudly surveyed the impressive gray walls of Clonmere Castle; in 1920 his great-great-grandson stood

cold, numb, and stupefied beside the smoking ruins of the great Hall. The cycle was complete. Words of prophecy spoken by Copper John's lifelong enemy had been fulfilled. On a windswept day in 1820 Morty Donovan solemnly assured Copper John that only evil could come from his new enterprise, He said, "I tell you your mine will be in ruins, and your home destroyed, and your children forgotten and fallen maybe into disgrace, but this hill will be standing still to confound you." And so it was.

Hungry Hill is not Miss du Maurier's best book. It moves sluggishly; its characterizations lack depth, breadth, and warmth.

UNCLE SAM VERSUS INFLATION

The Problem and Its Solution in Cartoons. By Otto H. Ehrlich. Harper Bros., New York. 1943. 159 pages. $2.25.

The author is instructor in economics at Brooklyn College. He reduces the solution of the knotty problem of inflation to its simplest terms. The text is in short paragraphs which are illustrated by full-page cartoons drawn by Siegmund Forst. There are eighty cartoons in all. The material is divided into six parts: 1. Financing a War; 2. Government Receipts become Purchasing Power of the People; 3. Inflation; 4. Fighting Inflation with Taxation and Saving; 5. Fighting Inflation with Price Control; 6. Fighting Inflation with Rationing.

Thus the volume outlines the pattern which our government is following. There has been a measure of success till now. As to the future? That depends on the willing co-operation which each individual gives to keep inflation from overwhelming us. There is no good reason why this should not be given. Perhaps the wide dissemination of Ehrlich's book will help. It deserves it.

A SENSE OF HUMUS

By Bertha Damon. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1943. 250 pages. $2.50.

MRS DAMON tells of her life on a New Hampshire farm. The book, with its quiet humor and its mastery of description, would be a delightful one if it were not marred by unseemly passages. Havelock Ellis' dictum that women who tell off-color jokes tend to the scatological, or coprological, seems borne out here. Sophisticates pronounce such things "frank," "realistic," etc. Healthy-minded people, we believe, regard them as disgusting. Mrs. Damon evidently knows her Bible well, but at times she treats it with levity. Too bad! A fine-looking apple—but wormy.

LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT

By Charles Spalding and Otis Carney. Illustrated by Carl Rose. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. 1943. 160 pages. $2.00.

IF you are looking for relaxation and have a yen to split your sides laughing, then by all means read this account of the ups and the downs, the joys and the pains, the ifs and the buts, of Lester Dowd, a Naval Air Cadet who submitted to, and emerged in triumph from, "the V7 program

which turned college graduates into officers and gentlemen in ninety days." Publishers are sometimes hyperenthusiastic about books that come from their presses; but when the firm which issues *Love at First Flight* tells you not to go near the volume "if you have just had your appendix out," be sure to heed the warning.

BOUNTY OF THE WAYSIDE

By Walter Beebe Wilder. Doubleday, Doran & Co., Inc., New York. 1943. 251 pages. Illustrated. $2.50.

THIS book might well have been titled *Life With Grandfather;* for Grandfather has set his mark on every page of the fascinating volume, which, by the way, is an excellent cook book as well as a colorful journal of childhood recollections.

Grandfather was a man of inexhaustible energy, unbounded enthusiasm for any and every task that came to hand, an insatiable desire to "try new things," and a persistent penchant for playing practical jokes. In addition, he was a master-strategist. Usually it was only after the event that his family realized that once again, entirely by indirection, Grandfather had had his way. His constant companion and most ardent admirer was the small grandson whom we know as Walter Beebe Wilder, author and naturalist.

Bounty of the Wayside contains many valuable pointers for everyone who is engrossed in the study of rationing, food shortages, and food values.

MALTA STORY

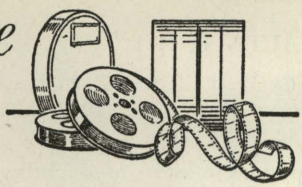
By W. L. River. E. P. Dutton and Co., New York. 1943. 222 pages. $2.50.

THIS is the story of a fighting American flyer, with the R.A.F. at Malta, that much bombed island, which has finally received a respite with the occupation of North Africa, Pantelleria, and Sicily. Mr. River has based his story on the diary kept by Howard M. Coffin, an American who with fifteen of his countrymen went to England in 1941 to enlist in the R.A.F. Today only two of his squadron are alive and of the four Americans who went with him to Malta only he survived to return to America. He is now serving as instructor in our own Air Force. The story is not a pretty one, as life in Malta during this time was almost one continuous, hideous nightmare of bombing and strafing.

THE FIRESIDE BOOK OF DOG STORIES

Edited by Jack Goodman. Introduction by James Thurber. Simon and Schuster, New York. 1934. 588 pages. $3.00.

A BOOK for dog lovers. It contains "practically all the best pieces ever written about the dog," according to the introduction by Mr. Thurber. The list of authors from whose writings these stories have been selected is very impressive.

The  *Motion Picture*

THE CRESSET *evaluates one of the world's most powerful forces*

WHERE do you stand? What does this war mean to you? What do you expect from the postwar world? What are you doing to prepare yourself for the peace?

Since you are a shareholder in a great democracy, each of these questions confronts you every hour of every day, and each question requires of you a positive stand and demands a clear-cut answer. Today we are sending American boys to the far corners of the earth; tomorrow those boys will be coming home. What will they be like? And what will they think of us? Inevitably there must come a difficult period of readjustment and re-establishment when the men now in uniform return to civilian status. This period will be less difficult if those of us who remained at home have a thorough understanding of the conditions under which the veterans of World War II lived, fought, and suffered. This knowledge can be acquired in many ways; but undoubtedly the motion picture provides the most effective medium. Excellent training films which have been made in co-operation with the United States War Department and which depict in vivid detail the methods used in the making of tough, efficient, and resourceful soldiers, fliers, sailors, and marines have been shown in theatres throughout the nation. Newsreels and official shorts have kept us in close touch with every theatre of war, and factual combat films have recorded with grim authenticity the awesome drama of modern warfare. It is one thing to read an account of battle; it is quite another thing and an infinitely more moving experience to have history-making engagements flash into life and action before our very eyes. Thus it seems safe to say that every adult who sees the British documentary film, *Desert Victory* (British Army Photographic Unit — 20th Century-Fox), will better understand the cost of war and the price of

victory. *Desert Victory* is an authentic record of the brilliantly successful North African campaign. Of the twenty-six soldier camera men engaged in shooting the picture four were killed, seven were wounded, and six were taken prisoner by the enemy. In a series of skilfully assembled episodes the film traces the progress of the campaign from El Alamein to Tripoli. Many scenes are unforgettable and well-nigh unbearable. Nevertheless, these are things we must know if we are to speak a soldier's language. Zero hour must mean for us what it means to him: a tense and agonized fragment of time in which men go forward to victory or defeat or, perhaps, to death or imprisonment. Mere words cannot adequately describe an artillery barrage; we must actually see and hear the earth and the sky explode into a hideous pattern of light and sound. Only a documentary film can faithfully portray the conduct of men on the field of battle, their forgetfulness of self in moments of crisis, and the swift crumbling of strong bodies under the heavy hand of Death.

Six years ago the great city of Shanghai was reduced to a smoking, stench-filled charnel house by the barbarous soldiers of Japan. The sons of Nippon fell upon their unsuspecting, peace-minded Chinese neighbors with unbelievable ferocity. The Japanese invasion and occupation of China is one of the blackest pages in all history. *Ravaged Earth* (Crystal Pictures) tells the story of China's suffering under the heel of the conqueror. It is an appalling record—a record which might well serve to arouse a burning desire for revenge and retaliation. As a Christian nation we cannot permit this to happen. We must, and will, defeat Japan on the field of battle — utterly, finally, and unconditionally. But we dare not employ the weapons of a barbarian—even against a barbarian. *Ravaged Earth* is not a professional production. It was made by Mark L. Moody, an automobile salesman living in Shanghai in 1937, and J. C. Cook, an old-time motion picture camera man.

Air Force (Warner Bros., Howard Hawks) is a superb and thrilling aviation film. The adventures of the famous Flying Fortress, the "Mary Ann," afford a composite picture of the air war waged in the Pacific during the first weeks after Pearl Harbor. Direct, forceful, and free from flippancies and fripperies, *Air Force* is a fitting tribute to the courage, the competence, and the resourcefulness of the men who proudly wear the shining wings of the air arm of the armed services of the United States.

Filmed in technicolor, *Crash*

Dive (20th Century-Fox, Archie Mayo) eulogizes the fighting Americans who man our submarines. Bogged down by tricky trimmings and a silly plot, the picture is interesting only because of the scenes which deal with submarines and the base at New London, Connecticut.

Edge of Darkness (Warner Bros., Lewis Milestone) would make its case against Naziism by an overwhelming weight of sheer horror. We know that the brutality and the sadism of the wearers of the Swastika have not been overdrawn; and we know, too, that the indomitable Norwegians have earned the respect and the admiration of free people everywhere. *Edge of Darkness* does not do full justice to its theme. Perhaps the fault lies with the cast; perhaps the film just tries too hard. At any rate, it is merely another movie thriller.

Based on Helen MacInnes' popular novel, *Assignment in Brittanny* (M-G-M, Jack Conway) lacks the sustained suspense and the logical development which characterizes Miss MacInnes' book. However, in the hands of a good cast it affords diverting entertainment.

Director Alfred Hitchcock is a master-craftsman. Without recourse to exaggeration or suggestive stage settings he can inject into the most commonplace scene or situation a tangible, terrible element of fear and suspense. On the surface the events which take place in *Shadow of a Doubt* (Universal) differ very little from the happenings which could occur in the average American home. But almost from the beginning we feel an underlying shadow of doubt and horror – an ominous sense of foreboding, which builds into a tremendous crescendo of terror. A dark picture—but an excellent one.

Apparently the makers of movies have not yet outgrown a yen for gangster pictures. Or do they believe that the public still dotes on gangsters and racketeers? *Lucky Jordan* (Paramount) stretches our patience and our credulity to the breaking point. In one big gulp we are asked to swallow a silly tale about a big-time crook who is willing to murder, lie and steal and to defraud his government but rises in righteous wrath when "foreigners" indulge in the same evil practices. No. 1 argument for this miraculous change seems to be that American gangsters "do not beat up old women." Please, pal, pass the Tums!

The all-Negro cast of *Cabin in the Sky* (M-G-M) parades an impressive array of talent. Some of the episodes portrayed are top-

notch entertainment; but by and large the picture is a hodgepodge of fact and fantasy.

There are five pictures left on my list. Let's dispose of them quickly. They are all poor film fare. *The Desperadoes* (Columbia, Charles Vidor), is a dull rehash of all the westerns that have gone before. *Slightly Dangerous* (M-G-M, Wesley Ruggles) has Lana Turner—and nothing else. It is thoroughly stupid from start to finish. *Lady of Burlesque* (United Artists, William A. Wellmann) is a screen adaptation of Gypsy Rose Lee's book, *The G-String Murders*. I didn't read the book, and I wish I had skipped the picture. Not that I was shocked—merely bored and disgusted. *Powers Girl* (United Artists, Norman Z. McLeod) is designed to exploit the beauty of the famous Powers models. Decidedly mediocre. *White Savage* (Universal, Arthur Lubin) is an excursion—in technicolor—into Never Never Land. Take my advice and stay at home. It's a long, tiresome journey.

The Editor's Lamp

PROBLEMS

CONTRIBUTORS

FINAL NOTES

OUR leading article this month is contributed by Miss Alice R. Bensen, Ph.D., Instructor in English at Valparaiso University. Miss Bensen profitably employed a recess from the duties of the classroom to make an unhurried journey into the land of our neighbor to the south. Since the nations and peoples south of the Rio Grande are becoming increasingly important to the future of the United States, her article is especially timely. Anything which will further our understanding of our neighbors to the south is a contribution to the world of tomorrow.

Our Literary Scene is somewhat longer than usual this month because of the fact that spring and summer books must be reviewed before the heavy fall publishing season begins. It may be well to note again that all unsigned reviews are by members of the Editorial Staff. Our guest reviewers this month are Palmer Czamanske, Instructor in English at Capitol University *(Rice in the Wind, The First Century of Flight in America)*, Patterson McLean Friedrich *(The Fall of Paris, Late and Soon, Western Star)*, *W. Loy*, Instructor in English at Valparaiso University *(A Time to Act)*, and Alice R. Bensen *(Four Quartets)*.

Verse this month is contributed by George Rossman *(Love Is Deep in the Heart of Things)*.

Our letters during the past few months indicate that, like all other magazines, THE CRESSET is now wandering into all corners of the world. We shall be particularly happy to hear from readers in foreign countries. While a monthly magazine cannot bring the latest broadcast over the radio, it is our hope that THE CRESSET is adding pleasure and profit to the quiet hours of the men of our armed forces everywhere.

Forthcoming Issues

I. In "Notes and Comment" the editors will continue their brief comments on the world of public affairs and modern thought.

II. Major articles during the coming months will include:

Moulders of American Life

Eduard Benes: Great Statesman

III. In future issues the editors will review, among many others, the following books:

Number One.....John Dos Passos

The History of Music in Performance..Frederick Dorian

Wide Is the Gate.....Upton Sinclair

Reflections on the Revolution of Our Time
.....Harold J. Laski

Challenge to Freedom.....Henry M. Wriston

Burma Surgeon.....Gordon S. Seagrave, M.D.

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.....Capt. Ted Lawson

Centennial Summer.....Albert E. Idell

Between Tears and Laughter.....Lin Yutang

A Tree Grows in Brooklyn.....Betty Smith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